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James A. Mitchfield

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

By

JAMES ALLEN CRUTCHFIELD

CHICAGO

1906

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JAMES A. CRUTCHFIELD

DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY
OF MY MOTHER.

INTRODUCTORY.

To the Reader:

I am not wholly responsible for the appearance of this little volume of poems, although it might be difficult for me to find persons willing to accept their share of the disfavor with which it may be received. The many expressions of appreciation of the sentiment and language of these verses have led me to believe that the world will not be offended by its presence in the place of unpretentious books. But for these assurances of appreciation, coming from such respectable sources, the fragments of my life-thought herein contained would have gone with only a passing notice as they appeared from time to time in the several newspapers in which a number of them were published in some eight or nine different states and territories. It is to these friends I offer the sincerest expressions of gratitude.

Their lives by some strange art seemed around my own to twine—
I was moved by their heart-throbs, and felt their pulse in mine.

God and the right which in these verses always hold the primal place, and everything that ever escaped at the point of my pen which fails to magnify them, I crave for its covering, the folds of oblivion. And every scintillation of the Star of righteousness which gleams over the pages of what I have written of home,

wife, children, love, Heaven and God is to be placed on the brow of my sainted mother. Anent the apparent selfishness of my Muse, clanishness of sentiment, vanity of self-esteem, and constrained reiteration I protest complete innocence of intention.

From the standpoint of a father, husband, brother, patriot or lover I have poured exuberant language into song

Till chords my Muse has touched are taut and teft,
And only empty shells of thought are left,

I can only say to those who feel the kinship of these ties "go and do thou likewise."

If I craved a compliment, I do not know of anything higher to be asked than this: "You have preempted all the ground of a father's and a mother's love." "You have touched an automatic chord which sets to music a universal sentiment." If these are correct indices of the harmlessness of the book, counterbalanced by the sacredness of loving hearts and kind friends,—their solicitude for my success, I shall hope that in whatever degree I have failed to meet a reasonable expectancy will be more than supplemented by their forgiveness, and their prayers to God for His help to make the book a blessing wherever it may go.

JAMES A. CRUTCHFIELD.

Chicago, Ill., May, 1906.

SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.[1]

The old log house where I was born
Though much decayed is standing still;
The roof and rafters all are gone,
And wall, half way down to the sill.
The smoke house, kitchen, fence and all,
And every well remembered thing,
Keep now no comp'ny for that wall
And silent, echo-dripping spring.

The "hollow beech" to mem'ry dear,
Which stood alone hard by the way;
The lark with voice so shrill and clear
"Tapping" and singing all the day:
The spring house where we used to go
So oft in hot and sultry days
To see the limpid streamlet flow
And o'er the moss-grown trough to stray.

I hear again the night-hawk's scream
And on the hill the hooting owl;
I hear the murmur of the stream
And tremble at the wolf's low howl;
And all those scenes these long years through
Still fresh as yesterday remain,
And one by one they rush to view
And I am now a child again.

THE CHILDREN.

Long years ago, when they were yet quite young,
All tucked away at night in cozy bed,
Their wildest fancy then seemed tuned and strung:
They asked for stories—this is what they said:
"Tell us a story, papa, ere we sleep;
Just anything we'd like so much to hear;
Of scenes in earth, or sky, or stormy deep;
Of things you've seen in travels far and near.

"Tell us of bears in caves or jungles wild;
Of lions in their lair, so fierce and strong;
How eagles carried off some hapless child;
How swans are thought to sing their own death-song;
And those weird scenes of which the poets sing,
Where Sybil words are found on falling leaves;
And in the flowery dells sweet echoes ring,
And sparkling waters fall o'er mossy eaves."

How often, o'er and o'er, since then I've sighed
To think that those lost days and years are gone;
For their return, my soul has often cried;
No answer comes but stillness sad and lone!
O, why did I decline their sweet request
So oft, and promise them, some other time,
Than when from toil and care I needed rest,
I'd tell them stories, long, in prose and rhyme?

I'd give a world of wealth, if it were mine,
To have their childhood days back as before;

To have their love-light 'round my path to shine
As in the unforgotten days of yore.
For memory calls them up and will not die;
And, like the notes of some entrancing strain
That floats o'er island seas, 'neath wooing sky,
Once sung in love, then ne'er is sung again.

A DREAM.

Oh! whence this unnamed beaut'us dream.
Like visions of a passing gleam
Of strange and mellow light,
As soft and sweet as stars that beam
Or murmurs of some gentle stream,
All through a cloudless night,
So like a sweet and magic spell,
Of rapturous songs that ever swell
With hope and love and peace;
Whose charm no mortal tongue can tell,—
Like tinklings of some fairy bell,
Whose echoes never cease.

OUR HUNTING DAYS.[2]

The hand that wrote these lines, ah well I know,
The heart that moved the pen was ever true;
We met and loved and parted years ago,
To meet again, nor why, we never knew,

Far toward the setting sun where skies were fair,
Where rugged mountains, steep, had drawn away,
And scenes of endless beauty, strangely rare,
Greeted our anxious eyes from day to day.

On distant plains by night and day,
By light of moon or stars we'd often go,
And sometimes too, in mornings cold and grey—
It mattered little then, our hearts aglow
With ardent hope, as life were better spent
If what we found to do were done with might,
E'en though the sluggard hours in twain were rent
And our own eyes forbid to waste the light.

Those halcyon days e'en now like some sweet dream,
Throw o'er my path a soft and fairy light,
And o'er the passing years there ever stream
Those charms which never more shall take their flight.
I oft recall the fading light of years,
Which kindles mem'ry's lambent flame anew;
It seems "a time for memory and for tears"
As scenes of by-gone days pass in review.

How vividly those scenes come back again,
Ere time had cast a melancholy shade:
In fancy we are on that distant plain,
Unmindful of the changes time has made.
In lonely camp at night 'neath bending skies,
We heard the distant wolf's low mournful howl,
And then the prowling panther's hungry cries—
The night-hawk's shrilly scream and hooting owl;

The sneaking lone coyote that ventured nigh,
  The thousand flocks that roosted in the groves,
The deer and antelopes that passed close by,
  And then took fright and ran in countless droves;
These, and incidents a thousand more,
  Which make the memory of the years now gone,
Seem dearer still, as I recount them o'er—
  As back to them my heart so often drawn:

The myriad herds of bison, erst at ease,
  At our approach, from leisure grazing gait,
Would sniff their danger on the passing breeze—
  "On orders of their going" ne'er would wait;
But out o'er plain and grade with thund'rous tread,
  The sullen sound of their receding feet,
Woke trembling echoes as away they sped
  To vibrate till their safety was complete.

And then around our camp-fires oft at night
  Our steaming cups of coffee we would quaff,
Relating his mishap, ill luck or plight,
  The hero of some story made us laugh.
And then we'd sing the songs we sang at home,
  Talk of the events of the day just past,
Mark out the plans to fit the day to come,
  Then said our prayers and — fell asleep at last.

MY MOTHER.[3]

My mother's voice 'twas such delight to hear
Is hushed in death. No more my anxious ear
Shall heed its call. About me there's a spell
Of loneliness no mortal tongue can tell —
A spell unfelt but with a sense of loss
The heart must feel when suddenly across
The fondest dream of hope, there darkly fall
Some deathly shadows, like a midnight pall.

My mother's eyes, in them I loved to look
More than on picture-page of any book,—
Or those enchanted scenes of earthly show,
And dazzling scenes with all their golden glow;
For, in their tender sympathetic light,
My sorrows oft have taken sudden flight,
And, nestling 'neath those gentle, beaming eyes,
I thought I'd nevermore see cloudy skies.

My mother's hands, I thought almost divine,
They looked like tendrils 'round some lovely shrine,—
Those hands which seldom found relief or rest,
Till folded cold upon her lifeless breast;
How often have they come to my relief,
In times of pain, and sorrow's deepest grief,
To smooth my fevered brow, and chase away
Ills, that with my mother near, could not stay.

My mother went from morn till dewy eve,—
From life's imperious cares, knew no reprieve,—

Through day's long hours, oft lengthening into night,
E'er going to and fro with queenly might,
On endless rounds of tireless, beauteous feet,
Their soft and tender steps, how oft did greet
Our anxious, listening ears, in days gone by,
When weary hours on sluggish wings did fly.

My mother's face it was so sweet and kind,
On it no shadow e'er a place could find,
Unless encroaching evil placed it there,
Which with first ray of hope would disappear,—
To light a path, or soothe a heart of grief,—
To show the way to where was found,—relief—
To dry a tear that need not still flow on,
To wake a hope in those not yet undone.

My mother's songs, a deep and silent thrill,
Still wake within my soul, and ever will
Through all the years of mortal life, and then,
Beyond the "River Wide" I hope again
Her songs to hear, far sweeter than before,
Her song and harp, as oft in days of yore,
She sang to cheer our hearts, from day to day,
The ceaseless years of toil to while away.

My mother's image stands before me now,—
Seems present, though I cannot tell you how.
Methinks I hear, as in the years long fled,
Her lullaby when we were put to bed:
Anon, her "Dulcimer Sweet" seems e'en now
I can hear, "through shadows of death" so low

And sweet, as it was wont so long ago
To yield sweet music to her touch and bow.
My mother's stand was e'er for truth and right,
They were to her, of life, the very light;
For what was best, she strove with all her might,
And often walked by faith, and not by sight.
At ev'ry door of hope, like Noah's dove,
She stood in bright array of truth and love,
With olive-branch of peace and rad'ant bow
Of promised good to those the right would do.

My mother never did mislead her own,
As where to find her place all doubt had flown;
For we who knew her best, ah, yes we knew
The page of ev'ry day of life, all through
The record which a faithful life had traced;
Nor would we dare to have one line erased,
Lest it should fall below what God, alone
Would take for all the race, and say, "Well done."

My mother's life needs no adorning pen,
As if some traits remained as yet unseen;
Or yet some page of life were best concealed
Till with condoning love it were revealed;
For she appeared to us in ev'ry view
As spotless and as pure as morning dew;
Unsullied and as bright as day-beams are
When breaking on th' Orient hills afar.

My mother's course is finished, now, at last;
Her tears and fears and sorrows, all are past.

She went o'er mountains high, and valleys deep,
Led on by hopes—oft saw their wakeless sleep;
Yet never faltered once when called to go,
Though beating rains and coldest winds should blow
And fate its burdens roll on her true soul
To make her falter ere she reach the goal.

My mother's faith in God was firm and true,
And His eternal Son she followed through;
Bearing the heat and burden of the day,
Her feet e'er walking in the narrow way;
She saw the star of hope which led her on
To her last day, and its last setting sun,
Singing as though at last her own death-song,
Seeming to answer some angelic throng.

My mother was a Christian. Faith and love
Had made her kind and gentle as a dove.
To bless the world in every way she tried;
To honor God it was her joy and pride;
In His pavilion she was wont to hide,
And in His church and with His people died.
For you so true, no words our love can tell,
Dear, sweet mother, a fond and long farewell.

A JUST AND UPRIGHT MASON.

There is a man by many known so well
There is no need that I his name should tell.
There's nothing in a name, nor e'er has been,

That can outweigh the character of men;
For not in inches do we measure man,
Nor yet in trappings gilt, of caste or clan;
Rather by heart throbs high, and true, that mark
The order of the soul, known in the dark
As well as in the garish light of day,—
Here he may be left, and here found alway.

Don't say it's just some ideal paragon
With which mayhap some jaunty verse to don,
Whose type were easy any day to find,
And clip my muse's wing, 'twould be unkind.
But if you will in kindness let me down,
Nor yet for "commonplace" disclose a frown,
I'll say you'd know him by his kingly walk
And none the less by all his kindly talk.
He lives not far away, is often seen
In all the proper walks of upright men.

His foot has never marked a single spot
Whereon the mystic gleam of aught was not;
Nor will he tell a lie e'en though to gain
All of the gold that ever crossed the main.
His fellow travellers he will ne'er deceive,
Nor will he by intent e'er make believe
Aught to their hurt e'en more than to his own,
Be he in royal robes or "widow's son";
And naught can e'er within that manly heart
Arise to make him from the right depart.

His eye does not see evil everywhere,
Nor is his ear attuned the same to hear;
His lips to hasty words are not inclined,
Lest some, in them a cruel dagger find.
His speech is always and in every place,
Behind your back the same as to your face;
And when the last cannot without a dread
Be as the first, then both remain unsaid.
His oath, though to his hurt, he'll not revoke
Till "silver cord" and "golden bowl" be broke.

"IN MANY THINGS WE OFFEND."

When I have passed the valley's gloom and shade,
And to my final rest at last I'm laid—
This old and aching frame in peace is placed
Which through long years from place was chased,
Will angels o'er this poor unworthy dust
Keep vigil till in glory rise, the just,
And shall I find with them a happy place,
And sing the song, "He saved us by His grace"?

When all my course in hope and fear is run,
The race which was so long ago begun,
And I have found a place among the dead,
A little slab is placed above my head
To show where lies my silent mouldering clay,
That one for good or ill has passed his day,
And I have entered on my last long sleep,
No more to wake, to sing, or laugh, or weep,

Will any one along my backward track
Be unforgiving, could they call me back,
For thoughtless acts and hasty words I've said
When to offend I felt no proper dread;
And leave my soul to be to judgment brought
To face the doom of those against whom aught
Is held—the conscience of some one defiled,
And it too late to be yet reconciled?

Deep down within my soul I sing to all
A song of truce in notes of plaintive call
That we together walk the narrow way,
Nor yet "fall out," nor from the wicket stray;
Nor wait, alas! till unavailing tears
And bitter cries cold death denies—nor hears.
Oh, tell me, ere too late, that you forgive.
Give me your hand; we'll follow peace and live.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, right sure I would not whine,
If I were left alone in every line,
And had no sort of cause to make complaint,
E'en tho' the verse was very light and quaint,
Like those we used to scan sometimes in school,
For this was then as now the master's rule:
"Beware, at trifles scorn to take offense;
It always shows great pride or little sense."

If I were you and could not write a line
Of truth that would some moral trend the more
incline
The minds of some, who read the many books
So numberless and new, it sometimes looks
As tho' fatigue of flesh were all their aim;
Or kindling some vile passion's fervid flame,
That leads away from that conclusion wise:
To fear and do God's will assures the prize

I would not laugh at those who try so hard,
Yet fall below some bright and gifted bard
With speech in which the thread of hope and love
Is better traced in thoughts that lead above.
And if I *could* with fertile, facile pen
Outstrip the raciest writings of men,
I would not then behind their backs let fall
Words compared to which sweeter still were gall.

If I were you and had my name enrolled,
And had one spark of honor,—felt its hold
On heart and soul, which only shows a man,
Or woman, too (receive it if you can),
In college, church or school whate'er they bid
I'd do, and nothing reck if all's unhid.
The nearest way to honor, fortune, fame,
Is just to be to all, always the same.

If I were you, I'd take perspective view,
What few among the many ever knew
My own hand raised to wield for good or ill,

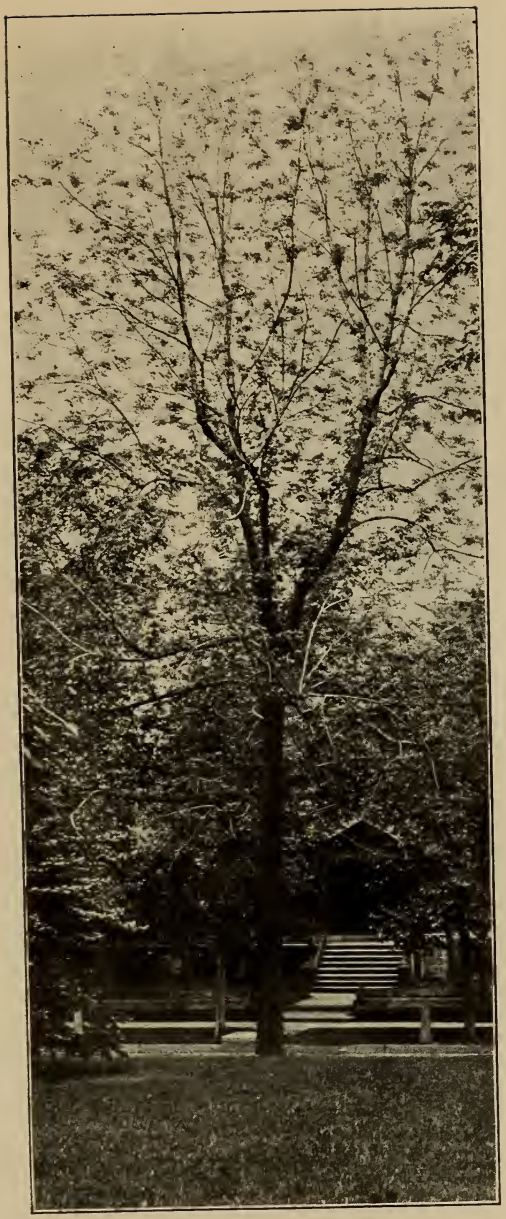
In that of those, if with or 'gainst my will,
To lead and teach, withal, to make me great,
Or break my heart with bitter cry, "too late,"
As, by a limpid stream a wandering elf
What see I? asked: "fair one, it is yourself."

REVERIE.

I have stood on the banks of rivers flowing,
When the sun rays of morning were streaming;
And perfumed breezes were ceaselessly blowing,
Till it seemed, like a child, I was dreaming—
Dreaming of halcyon days of my childhood,
Wild was my fancy and busy and bright;
Thinking of days that were passed in the wildwood,
That shine evermore with a fadeless light.

I've stood on the rocks of the dark blue ocean
When surging billows were heaving its breast
The turbulent sea then all in commotion,
The maddening storm king riding its crest.
Anon at my feet the waves were all sleeping,
The wraith ceased crying had gone to his cave,
The sun through the cloud rifts again was peeping,
While softly came back the coquetting wave.

I stood on the mountain, high and hoary,
The age-marks of time etched deep in its rim;
And, pensive, gazed on the eve in its glory,
While fading away through the twilight dim;



And saw in the cloud-painted skies that were stretched
Like a shield for the sun in his hiding
A mantle of beauty no pencil has sketched,
With a glory that's ever abiding.

WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE BOYS.[4]

I viewed with strange delight your childhood's home
Enchanted with sweet mem'ries of the past;
For there's no dearer place 'neath heaven's dome,
While thoughts of childhood's years came rushing fast
Of hobbies, balls and toys and kites and swings,
And teeter-boards on which you used to poise,
And birds you often wished "they had no wings,"
You'd "catch them then"—*when you were little boys.*

An air of absence hung like somber shade
Where once you romped and played with such delight,
The prints your little hands and feet had made,
No longer could be seen, except in mem'ry's light;
Nor houses made of mud and sticks and sand,
In years when childhood's bliss knew no alloys,
To tear them down again, or let them stand,
As fancy led—*when you were little boys.*

What changes time had wrought since you were there!
The clust'ring vines, which then bore fruit, were dead;

And shrubs had grown to trees, stately and fair,
And o'er your old play-ground their branches spread
Where oft broke forth glad laughter's merry sound
When you would "fence" and make those quick de-
ploys,
And then with flying feet would circle 'round
In playing base—*when you were little boys.*

The intervening years have hurried on
In tireless haste, refusing e'er to rest
Till all your childhood days and years are gone;
You lie, as erst, no longer on our breast,
With prayers for "sweetest dreams," and mother's kiss,
In slumber's sweet release from play and toys,
To roam in dreams through all the realms of bliss
As you were wont—*when you were little boys.*

You oft would clamber up the stairs with glee,
And hapless fall, with bruises less or more;
And on the shed and barn and nearby tree
With many luckless mishaps as before;
And out in sunny lane or orchard shade,
Filling our hearts with fears,—our ears with noise
By many a truant, boyish escapade
'Way back in years—*when you were little boys.*

We then would often grieve and fret and scold
O'er things you did we deemed so far from right;
Unmindful that in years as we grew old,
They'd be obscured in love's forgiving light
And in a diff'rent light we see them then,

And so would pass all that which e'er annoys,
When we should think that children were not men,
In childhood's years—*when you were little boys.*

Strange we'd complain of troubles which you gave
And think them great that we were called to bear;
Not thinking that some day we'd sorely crave
To bear them o'er again as boon most rare,
And wish that you were little boys again;
Nor thought how soon the lapse of years destroys
All thought of cares of which we'd then complain
In those lost years —*when you were little boys.*

And then you led us many a merry chase,
Unnoticed passed the gate, and ran away;
And search was made for you all 'round the place
To find which way your feet had gone astray;
And thus were passed your childhood's days and hours
While all the arts were used that love employs
To hide the thorns while you were gath'ring flowers,
But you ne'er thought of this—*when little boys.*

Where now are all your friends of boyhood years,
The girls and boys who used to play with you
'Mid joyous scenes, where heart to heart endears
With faces fair and eyes of black and blue?
You came together to the parting ways
Where shadows fall and all life's pleasure cloys:
No more they answered call to join your plays—
Playmates of yours —*when you were little boys.*

'Twas great delight to us to watch your plays,
Though not unmixed with thoughts of years at hand
When these should yield their place to manhood's ways
And at its threshold you'd be called to stand—
'Gainst blandishments of vice that lead astray,
And shun the spirit that to wrong decoys,—
Of truth and right to choose the shining way,
For this we prayed —*when you were little boys.*

We often thought and spoke of years to come
When you'd be grown-up men, then go away—
No longer make these childhood scenes your home
And with us would not, could not, always stay,
Though you were bound by every tender tie
To lengthen out the years so full of joys
Which on the wings of haste have hurried by,
The days and years —*when you were little boys.*

And when our work is done, our race is run,
Earth's heritage of hopes and joys and ills
Have all been borne and tasted one by one,
And we've ascended the eternal hills
From which no pilgrim feet shall ever stray—
May some of those angelic, bright convoys,
Who wait on God and serve Him night and day,
Conduct you home pure as *when little boys.*

A LETTER.[5]

Once more I take my pen to write
To you this lovely Thursday night.

To ask you for some pants I need,
As you will see when this you read.
You see I'm nearly out of pants,
As you could tell at one small glance.
If you were here to look me o'er
You'd refuse me then no more.
And if I were there to tell you further
You'd send the pants to your little brother,
But never mind about the pay,
For that you'll get, yes, some sweet day,
For I will get some work this year,
And I will pay you, brother dear.
A woman in our little city
Will have a play which costs "four bitty."
And I'll be usher, by the way,
So send the pants without delay.
My inseam measure to the floor
Is twenty-nine and no more,
Thirty inches around my waist
Warns you now to booming haste,
For the eleventh is the day
When this good woman has her play.
I don't want short pants! no, I don't;
I will not have them! no, I won't:
For I am growing big and stout,
So send the pants or you'll find out.
So hoping you won't think this Dutch,
I am your brother, Milton Crutch.

THE PROTEST.[6]

I heard them knocking at my door,
A host of outer things, that cried
To enter in and rule my life.
The life I tried so hard to make my own.
My wife, my child, my home,
I said, are mine, and whoso comes
With prying eyes and meddling hand,
I brand him as my foe. I cannot
Lock my gate, shut up my blinds,
Strew sand upon my walks and tell the world,
Stay out! I want you not!
But if they only would allow us now
To hold our little carnival alone
And revel in our solitude: how sweet!
Peace—quiet—rest—and now my faculties
Seem pluming all their pinions for such flight
As that which bears the eagle toward the sun.
That inner swell, which rises as the heave
Of fountain upward borne by static poise
Of liquid balance. I tire of all this noise;
This pumping of the social streams along;
This jar and bustle and the constant jerk
In the machinery of Providence.
Why will they thrust their rude unskillful hands
Into the smoothly running wheels of life?
Look, marplot! Can't you see
It all is capable of perfect poise?
The same wise mind is ruling our affairs,

That drives the moon and stars in perfect round.
Therefore a world of beings, free, intelligent,
Should not show forth a picture of
Disjointed, inharmonious confusion, though robust.
Mingle with the world, but let it move
In keeping with its fixed and pleasant laws:
Let everything but have its way,
And soon the pleasant progress of the days
Will enter on its sweet majestic swing,
And bear us on its wings of harmony
On to the palace of Eternal Rest.

BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA.

I left, long-since, and wandered far away [day,
From those dear scenes where passed my childhood's
Nor, 'bove the dream that danced before me then,
Was aught that charmed the eyes or minds of men,
So gilded was the pageantry that passed,
Too beautiful (I weened not then) to last;
But far above the wildest fancy known
To star-gemmed youthful hope in years agone,
My feet are pressing on a land so fair;
Of such a matchless charm so strangely rare!
'Tis like the vista of some strange bright dream
The light and halo of a passing gleam,
Or leaping, laughing waves of rivers old;
Or distant shadows of some land of gold;
As 'twere the land, close by where angels flew,

And silver wings had left a radiant hue:
Where sun-born beauty e'er its home had made
O'er which no more should come a darksome shade;
Where notes like endless echoes from the song
That broke from Bethlehem's passing throng,
As sung to listening shepherds, watching nigh,
"The Star Eternal now is passing by,
Glory to God, to earth be peace and rest,
For by His name shall many hearts be blessed—
The thorn-crowned earth at last must lose its woes,
And all the desert plains shall blossom as the rose."

IF YOU LOVED ME AS I LOVE YOU.

If you loved me as well as I love you,
Around my path and life you fain would strew
Of hope and joy the brightest, sweetest flowers,
And wander with me through the sylvan bowers:
In dreams of me by night, in thoughts by day,
You'd while the golden hours of life away.

If you loved me as I do you, your heart,
At every mention of my name, would start,
And feel the pulsing thrill of love's sweet flame,
As though my real presence with it came:
If yours all joys of fairy dreams could be,
You'd prize them little if unshared by me.

If you loved me as I love you, I know
The sun, somehow, would shine with brighter glow,

And stars that shine o'erhead, with dreamy light,
Would woo to sweeter rest, and sleep at night,
And light would break each morn with brighter hue,
If I knew you loved me as I love you.

UNTO THE END.[6]

We started in the merry, happy morn,
She from her home across the street from mine:
Her apron full of flowers like Plenty's Horn,
Her rosy cheek like West at sun's decline.

The gently breathing wind toyed with her hair
Unbonneted and bordering her face,
Her eager eyes went darting everywhere;
She was incarnate Life, embodied Grace.

We walked among green meadows smiling bright
With daisy, buttercup, and passion vine.
On through a pretty village sitting white,
Upon a gently sloping hill's decline.

We loitered by the shallows of a stream
Where minnows dart in play, and sandy mold
Closed 'round the pebbles with a virgin gleam,
Like rubies set in bands of glittering gold.

The noon sun withered all the pretty wreath
Which we twain had entwined in early hours;

But then, the palpitation o'er the heath
Made cooling fruits more dear than pretty flowers.

We entered then a field of waving grain,
And oft I turned to loose her tangled feet,
And then — I cannot understand it plain —
I somehow lost her there among the wheat.

I heard her call me once with trembling voice,
And seemed to see a rustle in the grain.
I rushed to find her that I might rejoice,
I called and called to her, but all in vain.

Then onward, weary, saddened and alone,
Urged to a journey that I would forego,
Soothing my sorrow with a cheerless moan,
I plodded forward, sad of heart and slow.

Often I seemed to catch her fleeting form,
And now her gentle voice I almost hear,
Her step seems close, her hand upon my arm,
And yet, I never could discern her near.

I passed beyond the fields of waving grain,
Beyond the meadow and the mountain crest;
Alone I traveled down a sloping lane,
And onward toward the water in the west.

I waited for the boat. The sun was low.
I found her by my side, and heard her say
In mild reproachfulness, "Did you not know
That I was with you all the way?"

MY FATHER.

Oh, if you knew how poignant is the sting,
The sore regrets with which my heart to wring
My calls for Father, naught but echoes bring,
That to him true repentance I might sing
Till, all atoned, my sorrows should take wing,
You'd dread, in aught, to e'er offend *your* father.

Oh! if you knew what scalding tears I've shed,
All unavailing, now, that he is dead,
O'er troubles brought upon his heart and head,
The many thoughtless, careless words I said,
How on his tender heart I dared to tread,
You'd guard your words and acts toward *your* father.

If you could see as now I often see,
(Nor from the vision hoped to e'er be free)
His look of grief, so often caused by me,
Though for my sake he always tried to be
Forgiving, and to bear—let me go free,
Oh! surely you would never grieve *your* father.

If you could hear his plea for "father's sake,"
Which o'er my soul in painful memories break,—
That last appeal to touch a heart awake;
How his true counsels, oft, I failed to take,
Nor recked of peace of mind and soul at stake
In after years, you'd think now of *your* father.

Some things, sad echoes ring, in memory's hall,—
In grasp of deep regret hold me in thrall,—

His pleadings for the best make me recall,
Which then on half attentive ears would fall
His words, I *now* esteem, dearer than all—
The more than angel counsels of my father.

LINES TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN.

If my last conscious hour should come to-night
And I no more to you could speak or write,
And fondest hopes so suddenly should blight;
And dreams I've never told should take their flight:
And you no more on earth should see my face,—
Its sunken lines remorseless pain did trace,
Mine eyes were closed which often turned to you
As I was passing life's last gateway through:

And it was found my heart that beat for you
So glad and oft at hope's perspective view,
Its pulsings ceased, far from the glit'ring goal—
From this decrepit frame my longing soul
Had winged away and I so far from home,
No time for those I love so well to come
Ere death had closed the eyes, which once in light
Lit up to look on you with such delight,

How feebly would the message they should send
Of love and hope that in my soul did blend—
Portray the real words I fain would say,
If I had known it was my life's last day.
What wonder then my pen seems filled replete

From that sweet fountain, deep affection's seat,
And I am trying, Oh! how oft, to tell
The love and hope that in my bosom swell!

Oh! sad indeed to sing my dirge of hope,
To paint a night on which no day may ope;
To view the phantom forms of hopes now dead,
Which may no more lift up my bowed head;
To moan in plaintive tones with winds that sigh
So dismally as they are passing by;
To sit alone, by pale and fitful light,
And grasp with nervous hand my pen to write!

O, what shall be when morning light shall break,
And shining stars their daily recess take?
The full-orbed sun on distant plains shall rise.
Shall I with aching pain unclose my eyes
To dread the hours I know not what shall bring?
Shall burning fever to my vitals cling?
Despairing clouds their shadows throw around
To blight the hope that health may yet be found?

But should the morning break with gladsome light,
This gloom should lift which overhangs the night,
And I should catch the gleam of brighter day,
And hope's white light should shine upon my way,
The song of hope revive within my breast,
From fears that bode me ill my soul find rest,
I'd step with lighter tread the earth once more
And pay my vows to God as ne'er before!

MATTHEW R. ISH.

Your busy work of life is done at last,
  They say you sleep hard-by old home, in peace;
Your long and varied race is run and past;
  That you have found at last that sweet surcease
For which your ardent feet, long since, were calling,
  As then, I saw, the Autumn leaf was falling.

They speak in mournful accents of your going,
  Nor wist not, that the harvest day of rest
Needs follow last the busy life of sowing;
  Those willing hands be folded on your breast,
And angel palms, those hard, rough hands should take
  And lead to where eternal dawn shall break.

They look away, to mountains, cold and hoary,
  To fields and meadows, where in manhood's prime,
You won your full reward of honest glory,
  Nor idleness nor vice beguiled your time;
Nor scorned to work, from morn till dewy eve,
  Till by Him told, you took your final leave.

Your gentle words, O, can I e'er forget?
  Though long so silent, far away from me,
And this was not without a sore regret,
  On earth no more the joy that face to see,—
Was stored amid these scenes, so ever changing;
  Alas as nearer still, my course was ranging.

And now will some one plant some flowers for me?
  He may look down and know I longed once more

To see him where he was, and used to be,
And love and talk to him, as oft before;
The flowers may wither here, and fade, and die,
But love like ours shall bloom beyond the sky.

TO THE MUSE OF "MEADOW BROOK."

O fairest muse of "Meadow Brook,"
What must have been your winsome look
As o'er her bending kind and low,
With inspiration all aglow,
You led her soul to sing so sweet
Of beauties, which in nature meet;
All nature's charms in verse to blend
Than which no language ever penned
In all this sunny land of gold
In sweeter rhyme its beauties told!

Were all your gifts, with open hand
Gathered full from every land
In rich profusion thrown around,
Was she the first in truth you found
So worthy of this honor given
For which, have many others striven,
To deck her brow with fairest flowers
Then wing away to unseen bowers
And leave us wond'ring where had flown
This Nymph to all, but few, unknown?

From your far dell-like Sylvan bower
Where muses get enchanting power
To wake the sense of purest thought
For which the best of earth have sought,
With garments laden as from seas
With perfumes wafted on the breeze,
Will you not come some day again,
And sing us one immortal strain,
A song that thrills within the breast,
The charm and hope of endless rest?

For this perhaps in vain I sigh
As e'er the days are going by,
But ardent hope shall never wane
This matchless boon sometime to gain,
Nor ever rest its folded wing,
Nor cease this plaintive song to sing;
Like friends in song call from the shore
Are answered back the waters o'er
From ship a-coming home from sea
Are guided on till friends they see.

THE BROKEN CHORD.

I heard a song one night when half asleep,
  Its notes a flood of joy poured o'er my soul,
And through Elysian fields I seemed to sweep,
  While all the bells of music seemed to toll;
And strange enchanting rapture then did hold
  My heart and soul, as if no earthborn care

Should in its meshes e'er again enfold—
Made hope seem real, as in dreams so fair:
I woke and longed to hear repeated that sweet strain,
But oh! the chord was broke—to ne'er be tuned [again.

I saw a mother bending o'er her child,
With smile as soft as azure hues above—
With words as though her fancy had gone wild
To tell the dreams of hope and depths of love
Which called her inmost soul to pour its wealth,
In rich profusion, every way expressed,
For life and riches, greatness, joy and health;
And yet withal not half was yet confessed—
I saw its face, the death-marks deep of pain,
Aye, then the chord was broke—to ne'er be tuned again.

"THE BIRD WITH A BROKEN PINION."

There is not now, in any day or hour,
A thought so wide the line of truth and right—
A dream so fraught with such delusive pow'r,
That, those who fall so low may rise in might,
And soar to that Empyrion grand and high;—
That "broken wing" may mean no middle flight,
Withal, to reach the goal which seems so nigh,
Although so far through clouds and light and night.

It were to mock, deride, insult our sense,
To say, in fine, that through a sewer dark

A soul may go, and then emerge from thence—
  Arise and soar, and sing again, as does the lark,
Which lived within some sweet and rosy vale,
  Beneath the sun, where fragrant flowers grow,
Without an undertone of bitter wail
  For broken wing it ne'er before did know.

It were delusion's own Nepenthean cup,
  A poisoned chalice self-imposed, to take,
To think, that through the years from childhood up,
  A wreck of all we may in safety make,
Hope then to build, call back, and all replace,
  And be again as good, as pure, and great,
As ere the golden casket, life's sweet grace,
  Was thrown away at young life's threshold gate.

O sing that song again—"The Broken Wing,"
  That some may lose their nights of sleep and rest,
Until, in plaintive tones their hearts shall sing,
  Till hope shall wake again within the breast
And be content to labor, work and wait—
  Deem it a boon beyond compare, to hear
The words "go sin no more": the golden gate,
  For you, persisting through, is still ajar.

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

Two women shall be grinding at the mill:
Two men shall be at home on plain or hill:

Two men shall then be working in the field:
Two men shall be in search of wealth concealed,
But one shall be of hope at last bereft—
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two boys be sleeping in the self-same bed,—
On the same breast each leaned his baby head:
Two sons shall be away from childhood's home,
And both be dreaming of glad days to come,
But one has thought of Him whose side was cleft,
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two girls in social circles side by side:
Two girls in learning with each other vied:
Two sweethearts shall be laughing by the way:
Two travelers then shall meet at close of day,
Then by hand unseen, unerring, deft,—
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two men shall sell and buy in marts of trade,
Where wealth is sought, and fortunes lost and made:
Two persons at the Altar, side by side,—
One of them a Groom, the other a Bride;
But when the veil that hides is rent and reft,
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two men shall have the right to give command:
Two men shall travel much, o'er sea and land:
Two women shall be wearing jewels bright:
Two women think and say that they are right;

But when the sun goes down to rise, nor eft—
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two men shall have in halls of fame a place:
Two men shall struggle through life's lane and race;
Two teachers shall in halls of learning stand:
Two boys there in the same proud student band;
But one shall cry "Delay, oh cruel theft"—
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two Lawyers shall be poring o'er a Brief:
Two Doctors seeking means to give relief:
Two faithful, trusted officers of State:
Two Bankers at their desks—early and late;
But sin holds one by "millstone" weight and heft—
"One shall be taken and the other left."

Two soldiers hear their country's call and go:
Two men to tests of truth say yes, or no:
Two men shall hear God's oft repeated call—
Two men have sun and rain which come to all;
But when at last is wove life's web and weft,
"One shall be taken and the other left."

UNCEASING PRAYER.

I am praying always, ever, night and day,
That God will hold my hand and keep my feet;
Nor let my wayward heart e'er from Him stray,
Till all my lifelong journey is complete.

I pray when light of morning greets my eyes;
And when the sunset glories in the West
Are hung in splendor on the evening skies,
To woo all nature into sweetest rest.

I pray when spring-time decks the earth with flow'rs
And woods and meadows all are clothed in green,
And song-birds warble notes from shady bow'rs
And God reflects his love in ev'ry scene.

I pray when autumn leaves are turning red
And trembling in the breeze and falling 'round,
And summer flowers are faded and dead;
And ripened fruits are lying on the ground.

I pray by running brooks and rivers wide,
And when the rains are pitiless and chill,—
The storm king seems to then in fury ride,
And terror reigns on ev'ry plain and hill.

I pray when fiercest winds are blowing cold,
And clouds are low and dark with falling snow,
And bleating lambs are crying for the fold,
And herds give forth a long and mournful low.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.[7]

Sometime, somewhere, God knows the best,
My weary feet at last shall rest
Out on some hill, or in some dale,

Or, in some sweet and flow'ry vale,
My feet shall cease to come and go,
As erst I've wandered to and fro.
The light of life shall pass away,
And darkness take the place of day.

Sometime, somewhere, my eyes shall close—
No tinted flower, or blooming rose,
Nor sunset scenes nor morning's glow,
Nor olden rivers' onward flow;
Nor scenes, than which no earth-known place
Were fairer yet, where footsteps trace,
Shall e'er enchant their gladdened sight,
Nor break their long unwaking night.

Sometime, somewhere, my journey o'er,
I'll see and feel, and hear, no more,
The hands whose touch awakes a thrill;
The echoes soft from wood and hill,
With all the hopes and charms of life,
Which soothed the years of toil and strife,
And broke the spell of fateful years,
And charmed away my useless fears.

Sometime, somewhere, my dull cold ear,
Shall close to all on earth that's dear,
To home's sweet songs at eventide,—
Where all that's truest, best, abide—
Where wake to life those nameless joys,
The love which all the soul employs,
Nor heed, till Christ comes in the skies,
Wakes me from sleep, and bids me rise.

Sometime, somewhere, my weary feet
Shall cease to go where many meet;
And, one by one, life's mile-posts passed,
Its years of toil all o'er at last:
Then I shall go to that far bourne
From which no travelers return,
My soul to that Eternal gate
Where loved and lost, "sweet angels wait."

Sometime, somewhere, beyond the gleam
Where sunset's golden glories stream,
Beyond life's fitful fever dream,
I'll see again, in beauty, beam
Those eyes, now closed in coffined clay,
Their love-light dimmed to earthly day,
In that sweet home of storied rhyme—
In that far distant "sun-bright clime."

LOOKING BACK.[8]

If it were mine to live my life again
No stone should be then left unturned, I'm sure,
To guard my soul against regret and pain
The thought of wasted years makes me endure:
For folly's fearful tribute must be paid;
For what is written ne'er may be erased;
The die is cast—the changeless record made,
The course of life can never be retraced!

O, if to me the boon again were given,
To stand once more at life's fair threshold gate,
Behind the years through which so long I've striv'n
Amid the shiftings of a ruthless fate,
I'd take good heed to all my words and ways;
No seeds of sorrow would I ever sow
To cast a shadow where bright sunshine plays,
Nor plant a piercing thorn where roses grow.

Oh, if the white unsullied page of life
In pristine beauty lay before my face,
Unstained by records of earth's sin and strife,
And I could start anew to make my race,
I'd walk and work, and always watch and pray,
And shun the paths in which my wayward feet,
Alas, so often wandered far astray,
Till all life's work were then at last complete.

But oh, to think I'm far out on the way,—
Full man'a year from childhood's conscious day,
And oft some shadows o'er my path will stray,
While sorrow helps to turn my hairs to gray!
But then beneath the shadow of His wing
To hide myself, in hope and haste, I flee,
And trust the promise of my God and king,
That covered with his love my faults shall be.

ODE TO OREGON.

The pleasant summer days have passed away,
The hours, so bright, of each glad happy day
Alas, are now all numbered with the past;
They were "too bright, too beautiful to last."
And now the autumn leaves are turning red,
And trees their verdant robes begin to shed;
And birds which sang all day in shady bowers
Have gone away with spring and summer flowers,
And sad but pleasing melancholy falls
As to the autumn days the Robin calls.

To checkered shades in deep and tangled wood
In which to view sweet scenes I've often stood;
And rivers deep, and far-off mountain heights
Where evening's latest golden ray alights;
'Round crypts and caves where gentle zephyrs sleep,
Where mimics of the hills their vigils keep
To echo back from wood and vale and hill
Each word and call, if low or loud and shrill,
My heart shall often wander back again
When I am gone o'er desert hill and plain.

Dear Oregon, the land so loved and fair,
I leave your borders with its scenes so rare,
Edenic valleys, hills, and groves and plains
Where loveliness without a rival reigns,
And smiling plenty seems always assured,
To you my heart's best love you have allured.
All hail and then farewell. From you I part,

A place so dear you found within my heart;
With all its charms the vision will remain
Tho' I should pass this way, nor come again.

And as I turn away and say farewell
My heart with strange impulses seems to swell.
And, as I think of those whose hand and smile
Extended help and welcome all the while
I tarried here, within this healthful clime,
And counted days which hurried on the time
When I must bid adieu (and go my way)
To those with whom, aye yes, I fain would stay,
There comes a welling dimness to my eye
To think that I to these must say goodby.

ABRAHAM'S ADVICE TO LOT.

Apart, perhaps, henceforth our paths shall lie,
Till all the race and course of life is run;
We'll tent beneath the stars and same blue sky,
And drink the gladness of the same bright sun.
But you'll be going "East," where grasses grow
In endless stretches, like a meadow-plain,
And through the vales where limpid waters flow,
And fields are ripe with nodding, golden grain.

While I may go where scanty pastures lie,
And waters from the valleys sometimes fail,
And bleating flocks, from thirst may often cry,
While hunger makes them weak and poor, and frail.

Let it be so; some one must have the best;
Why should I wish the favor should be mine,
Thinking of self, forgetting all the rest,
And for the first and best always to pine?

Oh, no; go seek and find the fairest place,
Where fruitfulness bedecks both field and plain;
Where God has marked the earth with lines of grace.
And charms of vernal summer ever reign.
And I shall hope, and without ceasing pray,
That days of toil and nights of calm repose
May lengthen out your years, till you are gray,
And, full of honors, you your days may close.

My kinsman in the flesh, how sad 'twould be
If mem'ry called me back to years long fled,
And told me then, I never cared to see
That you as well as I, had clothes and bread!
Oh what is that in the human heart
Is planted, like the seeds of self-decay?
Whose shadow tortures like a poisoned dart,
Whose bloom is black, and wilts in light of day.

Then let us strive, with might, to do our best
And trust that help, in easy reach, may fall,
For this is why some, more than all the rest,
Are taken from the ranks of great and small.
We came into this world with naught possessed,
And so 'twill be when we shall yield our breath—
Go back to dust, "our flesh in hope to rest."
No earthly wealth can pass the gates of death!

Choose, if you will, the "East," its fertile lands
Where smiling plenty its pavilion spreads,
And "go in peace" with all your herds and hands,
And let the dove of peace rest on our heads.
And I will go to "West"—our paths apart,
As "brethren," then, no strife our lives shall mar,
And we shall still be ever joined in heart,
E'en though tow'rd Sodom you are tenting, far.

It may not be that you and yours were right
Even in part. But what is that to me?
To God you stand—must answer in His sight,
Ah, let me look within, and strive to see
That naught of sin lies at or near my door.
Contentions sharp, and bitter, deadly strife
Between us, then, let them have place no more,
(The world is wide) 'tis not the way of life.
[least,
What serves you most may sometimes seem the
I pray you hear me then and heed my voice;
Remember that in going West or East,
'Tis not for life alone you're making choice.
The wiles of wicked ways, so dark and dread,
In lurking wait and watch, to catch your feet,
In that rich land tow'rd which your tents are spread.
Your ruin there may some day be complete.

The blandishments of vice and sin's deceit;
The soft, persuasive arguments of lust,
Attention once they gain, there's no retreat!

Beware, O brother, living form of dust,
Lest Avarice shall lure and win your eye,
Like birds which serpents woo to their embrace,
You yield, and when it is too late to fly,
You find all heaven exchanged for earthly place.

Our glory, like the flower of grass, must fade.
Our eyes, which see the light, at last grow dim,
And visions out of which our dreams are made
Will pass beyond the twilight's deep'ning rim.
The herds, which now in many thousands flock
To waters clear and cool, and pastures green,
And back to shady grove and sheltering rock,
Will by us then, and nevermore, be seen.

The "Silver Cord" and "Bowl" will loose and break,
This "mould'ring dust" to earth again return;
To God who gave, the soul its journey take,
When all the fires of life have ceased to burn.
Then what of herds, and lands, "called by your name,"
And all the world, when gained at fearful cost,
Its honors and its pleasures, wealth and fame,
If you shall find at last "your soul is lost?"

CONSCIENCE.

Strange mysterious being in the soul,
Like something sealed in rare and mystic scroll;
Whence art thou, and what, so pure and true and fair
No eye hath seen thy form and face so rare,

Nor ear hath heard the accents of thy voice,—
Though thy delight made known, all men rejoice.
Not in the spirit is thy hiding place,
Nor in our active bodies filling space,
Not in the brain, that solves dark problems deep,
Nor in the realm of fancy's winged sweep,
Nor in the chamber where the Muse is guest,
Nor in affection's own and sweetest nest.

Not in the will which turns the course of life
Nor in the Book which leads away from strife.
But somewhere in the soul of man alone,
At the threshold of ev'ry action done,
Thy matchless form and face and eye are seen,—
By light of concept only, then, I ween,
Thy hand is felt and guiding glance of eye
Points where the path of truth and right shall lie;
And though the world shall plead for other ways,
And so-called reason its objections raise,
The world with blandishments for spirits proud,
Affections too, with ev'ry binding cord;

And each their cause, with all persuasive art,
They plead that they are right, at least in part:
Yet still thine eye sees never aught but right;
Thy hand still pointing to the way of light:
And though these all should turn and go their way,
Thy hand shall waive, and beaming eye say nay.
'Tis writ in legends dim, and hoar and old,
That thou has oft, with brazen face and bold,
Turned traitor to the prestige of thy name,

And burned in zeal, with fervid passion's flame,
And walked with those who to the world were wed,
And danced in halls whence fear of God had fled!

'Tis writ in essays that in sin's deep work,
Within its mazes thou dost sometimes lurk:
And I have sought, in vigils of the night,
That I might find the truth and set it right;
That men may read and, reading understand,—
To set my seal and write it with my hand.
I pondered over books, and one the best—
More sacred still by far then all the rest;
I've conned the classic volumes' lengthy page,
And thought on these from early youth to age,
Yet ne'er have found the proof that thou wert wrong,
Or hand in hand went with the evil throng.

'Tis writ in screeds and spoke in forums bold,
That thou with what is taught will always hold,
That education is thy shibboleth,
Albeit now for life, anon for death,
Like secret spring of a "deceitful bow,"
A pendulum that swings to weal,—then woe!
If this were true then thou wert but a voice—
An echo of each word and act and choice,
The shadows mere, of substance taught and learned,
Like ashes left when fires all out have burned;
If thou art naught but education, then
Education needs must be the guide of men.

SAMSON.

We often think of Samson's checkered life,
His many escapades, in wars and strife,
The hidden secret of his head of hair,
On which were not to pass a barber's shear,
Whose strength was like a mighty dynamo,
When he was Judge of Israel, long ago.
He took the gates of Gaza in his hand,
Threw them away, as though a fragile wand;
And in his hand he took a bone and slew
A thousand men; yet all his strength ne'er knew.

The secret of his strength his foes to know,
A false Philistine maid made him her beau;
He dallied long with his "Delilah Fair"
And lost his magic locks of golden hair.
His secret told to that deceitful girl,
She cut away that talismanic curl
Which hung in careless ease about his head
Ere all his ertswhile giant strength had fled.
His Nazaritish vow was broke, and then
Samson became as weak as other men.

Oh, how forlorn must then have been his look,
When he went out again himself he shook,
Nor wist, till then, that God from him was gone,
And he to foes and fate was left alone:
As ne'er before, through all life's journey trod,
To fight his foes without the help of God.
But now, like hounded, hunted, trembling hind,

No help nor place of refuge could he find,
He soon must bear the shock, and pay the price
It costs to yield to blandishments of vice.

Ah, "thereby hangs a tale" of human woe
That's told through ages as they come and go—
A simpering, silly maid, a yielding swain,
And then a fall, to seldom rise again.
So stumbled to his fall this man of might,
And that mysterious charm then took its flight,
By which, in fight, he conquered all his foes,
And o'er him rolled that rushing tide of woes;
In vain were sore regret and scalding tear
Since there was then no helping angel near.

Alas! the lane has found its turn at last,
And all his glorious days are in the past.
Too often had they with his heifer plowed,
And on Delilah's lap too oft he'd bowed;
Too deep had been his long and fateful sleep,
From which awaking, it were vain to weep.
His foes will come with all their direful hate,
And he must now prepare to meet his fate;
The hands which once a roaring lion slew
For his defence their strength may not renew.

Oh! what shall be his fate, who can divine?
The sun will not for him tomorrow shine,
The moon and stars with soft and mellow light,
They will no more for him illume the night.
His foes with cruel hate, will now devise,

Some means of torture, and put out his eyes.
His once strong limbs they will with fetter bind,
And cause him in the "Prison House" to grind!
Deride the God who once was his support,
And of his helpless blindness make them sport.

But now, when prematurely old and blind,
No eyes to see his path or way to find,
His great warm cheeks are bathed with falling tears,
His hair grown out, with his repentant years,
He prays to be avenged "this one time more"
For his "two eyes" and their afflictions sore,
Feels for the Temple's pillars, great and high,
Nor cares he now to live—nor fears to die—
Leans on his pro-renatal vow, and God,
And slays more foes in death than on life's road.

THE BROTHER THAT DIED.[9]

We did not know which one we loved the best;
  And never cared to try our hearts, to see,
Till *one* bade us adieu, and went to rest;
  And then, oh yes, we thought indeed 'twas he.
He was so noble, good, and brave and true,
  No fault had stamped itself on him to stay;
No boy we ever met or ever knew,
  Of finer mould was ever made of clay.

He was our father"s son, our mother's boy;
  We saw him in his cradle rocked to sleep;

We saw him romp in boyhood's lamb-like joy.
  But then, when just a man, there seemed to creep
O'er us the thought that we might lose him soon,
  Since fruit, the best, is often gathered first;
And ties which bind to earth the greatest boon
  Are oft, by God's own will, allowed to burst.

Fond mem'ries linger 'round the time and place,
  When we would go a-field in early morn
Ere yet the morning star had hid its face,
  When we were saving feed, or picking corn;
And to the groves to cut our winter's wood;
  And to the meadows green, to cut the hay;
Whatever we'd expect he'd make it good:
  And thus was passed his young life's fleeting day.

He used to always take the hardest task,
  The heav'est burden ever sought to bear;
"Shall I your burden take" he'd often ask;
  And ever tried to banish all our care.
He answered ev'ry call early and late,
  And some new way to serve would try to find;
Nor seemed to think his task was e'er too great:
  Nor to our parents ever spoke unkind.

We never found him selfish in the least,
  We never saw him angry without cause;
He ne'er sought highest place at any feast;
  Nor e'er impinged on manhood's noble laws.

He was the soul of honor, truth and love,
Our hearts were deep in grief when he was gone;
But such 'tis said, are they who live above,
And see the Lord and worship 'round His throne.

And then, in life's fair morn the angels came—
He closed his lustrous eyes to earthly day;
For some new world his soul seemed all aflame,
He said farewell; and smiled, and went away.
How sad the seeming irony of fate,
That in life's golden morn and sunny dawn,
On creaking hinge the folds of death's dark gate
Should swing ajar, and—*he from us was gone!*

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In undisturbed repose she sleeps
Amidst these monumental heaps,
Nor recks of tears now falling fast
As I recall the years long past,
When she would every call obey
In darkest night, or coldest day,
And come to make my life all bright,
And lift the clouds of sorrow's night.

And are those eyes forever sealed
And that benignant face congealed
In death, so cruel, dark and cold,
The veil of earth forever rolled
Between us till the judgment morn,

And I, alas! so lost and lorn,
Now left to wander on and on
Till my allotted days are gone?

O soul of mine, tread lightly 'round
This silent dust beneath the ground:
A rare and rad'ant soul has fled,
And left its casket with these dead,
The eye that shone, the hand that moved,
The voice that spoke, the heart that loved,
Are now entombed, and hushed, and still,
In this deep grave, so cold and still.

Farewell, O precious dust, adieu;
Sleep on in peace your long night through,
'Neath sun and stars and clouds and night,
Till time shall cease and end its flight,
And we shall meet then face to face
Beyond the bound which marks the place
Of earthly love and toil and care,
And you awake in beauty there.

ON THE ARIZONA DESERT.

The distant hills now skirt the sandy plain,
And towering mountains, grand, more distant, rise,
As though they posed that I the view might gain,
And greet my, erstwhile, slumbering eyes;
That all the love of scenes like these might wake

The love that in my heart e'er found its home,
While bounding o'er deep wood and hill and brake,
As boyhood's wildest fancy bade me roam.

How welcome come again the changing scenes,
From brown and barren plains of dust and sand,
'Round mountain curves where our swift coach careens:
Then like a bird, on well-poised wing, to stand
To its on-marching course, 'neath sun and stars,
To scenes more charming still—the golden West—
Where beauty's hand has lifted up the bars,
And loveliness is seen in cradled rest.

The valleys with their roses, bud and blown,
Sweet flow'rs which burden zephyrs with perfume,
The ways and walks, with foliage overgrown
Will make us soon forget the desert's gloom.
Beyond the rim which bounds its vast domain,
Our flying car is bearing us away,
And we will cross the desert once again,
And reach the land of matchless sunny day.

And see its meadows green, its founts aflow,
Its sparkling streams, which, o'er the golden strand
Send laughing waves, that murmur as they go
To lave the distant ocean's pebbly sand.
And see the crested mountains far away
With snowy cap of winter, drawn down low,
Coquetting with the sunshine all the day,
Then coyly doff their crowns that fountains flow.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

You talk of Philip's warlike son, the Great,
  Who called to arms a million men to fight,
Whose chariot rolled as though on wheels of fate,—
  At whose approach great armies were in fright.
And when the world was conquered by his arms
  No fields inviting conquest any more;
The clang of carnage ceased to yield its charms;
  His forced and bloody marches all were o'er;
No kingdoms now to conquer and subdue,
  His right to rule the world assumed as just;
No warlike work awaiting him to do,
  He wept that now, unused, his sword should rust.

But I will sing of one so far above
  In valor, that no cult of arms nor art
Can equal when 'tis moved by throbs of love
  Which swell alone within the human heart,
As seen long years ago on one fair day
  When Jesus stood against the temple's walls,
And as the people came their tithes to pay
  He saw an act and gift greater than all.
'Twas from a widow poor, who there and then
  Gave two remaining mites—they were her all.
No act so great among earth's famous men
  Who ruled on thrones or answered bugle's call.

Talk, if you will, of rival Cæsars' fame,
  Their deeds that in the annals of the past
Are guarded well to keep alive their name;

Of how they lived, and loved, how died at last;
Of fame which followed their forensic strife,—
Of virtues which they showed before their time
Belonged to ages of enlightened life:
And deeds with care were traced in prose and rhyme
Of Asdrubel, and Annibal, whose arms
On Alpine heights once glistened in the sun,
And startled warlike Latins with alarms
Ere battle's awful carnage had begun.

And I will sing of those at Jesus' call—
Their broken nets unmended on the beach,
With parents, wife and house and home—left all
At his command to life immortal preach,
And on through blood and prisons, stripes and tears,
Their sword of warfare, not of burnished steel,
Through fightings oft without, and inward fears
Of life, still pressing on to gain the seal,
To beasts and mobs paid tribute with their blood,
Be sprinkled oft, with Baptism for the dead,
Deterred nor stopped by famine, flame or flood
While words to break all swords o'er earth they spread.

TO THE HIGHER CRITIC.

How do you read the Sacred Book,
And what must be the Savior's look
To hear your speech, though meaning well,
Which men shall hear, then drift to hell,

Because, perchance, what long has stood,
The fiery shafts of all the brood
Of vilest scoffers, all through time,
Remains unscathed and in its prime,
You dare to say, with deference due,
Some things in it cannot be true?
Why is it that while you opine
That Jesus Christ whose blood divine
From sin and death saves all our race,
Did never see God face to face,
And live with Him from age unknown,
Was not His own Eternal Son,
There comes a thought that by your aid
It less exacting can be made,
Though it be yet so modified
'Twould look like fig leaves dead and dried?

Tell me, and to yourself be true,
My question is direct to you,
If Moses *all* the Pentateuch,
Of acts of Lord or King or Duke,
Himself in truth did never write:
And others too, did not indite
The books they call each by their name,
How strange indeed that it e'er came
That Jesus, when he told the Jews
To search the Scriptures for the news,
That he was Christ, of whom they told,
He did not tell them which to hold
As sacred, borrowed, or profane,
Since they in them had thought to gain

Eternal life in Paradise,
When freed from sin and death and vice:
Why not a single hint is given
By those who preach the truth from Heaven,
Deception's snare might be concealed,
In reading what had been revealed,
If we should dare to take it all—
Its myths and legends—we might fall?

Strange that in all Apostles preach,
No thought essayed, or sought to teach
The book shall yet be shredded out,
And kicked and cuffed and tossed about:
If Porphery, Celsus, Paine or Powell,
To book or sentence, word or vowel
(If Hume, Renan and Gibbon) all
Object, oh then just let it fall:
Appeal to "reason" and the caves
Where bur'ing earth has made the graves
Of heathen cities, long asleep:
Take pick and spade and dig down deep
And find some hieroglyphic bricks
And conjure up some prophet's tricks,
Though long they hold you in duress,
Just look and pry and think and guess,
Then summon all the skeptic mess,
Whose teachings cause such dire distress,
Compare and draw, set this 'gainst that
Until you've gotten all down pat—
Consult with Briggs, call Ingersoll
And Owen, Smith, McGiffert, all—

"Mistakes of Moses" raise the cry,
The day of ignorance now gone by.

But no, no word, no line was penned
By those, to preach, whom He did send
To wake suspicion in the breast
That part was true, but not the rest:
That Scripture, as a whole, was right
If you would be right careful, quite.
And if you found out Job a myth,
And like him Jonah, kin and kith,
Of those inventions palmed off on
The age of ignorance, long since gone:
And Moses borrowed things to write—
Laid claim to what he had no right:
And Chronicles of many Kings
Record a difference in some things,
And thus and so on without end—
Truth and error together blend,
Then what John wrote, that men believe—
Believing that, might ever live,
Would lose its force and claim to lead
From doubt that God could raise the dead!

Oh sickening parvenue to spread
These swineherd carobs, for the dead!
To hunt with all the gifts of lore,
How much, from sources pondered o'er
We may deny the book to hold
Of truth inspired in records old:
While Jesus and the loving John,

Peter and Paul who dwelt upon
The words of life, in them inspired;
Nor ever yet have they inquired,
(Nor can we see between the lines)
What skeptic critic e'er divines
Would fall upon this age of light
Should it receive the book outright.

Why will men dare disturb its course
And feel at last the crushing force
That grinds to powder all its foes,
And pours Apocalyptic woes
On those who spurn its light divine,
Which shines so bright in every line—
Has proved the truth so long foretold,
It is more precious still than gold,
The way in it e'er taught so plain
The erring may not err again,
Can you throw off its plain commands,
Or can you loose Orion's band,
Or sweet influence can you bind
Of Pleiades and stars entwined
Around them, shining far away,
Or yet obscure that matchless ray
Which shines from all that book divine
In every verse and word and line?
This Book was given by His hand,
And through all ages yet will stand,
Though men may cloud themselves in mist
And think its light does not exist.
"It is a flower that cannot fade

That blossoms in the sheltered shade,
And on the coldest, bleakest hill
Which no rude blast can ever chill.
And every changing form of time
Moves on and sees it in its prime."

Oh cruel man to thus abuse,
Insult the Lord, and then misuse
The only common gift for all,
Like sun and rain that come to all—
The chart to guide the righteous throng,
To guide him who would flee from wrong:
The Ark where ancient truth was kept
For whose return King David wept;
The one light only, all admit,
Without which not a nation yet
In all the records of all time,
In any age or any clime,
'Mong all the peoples of the past,
With all the glare their learning cast
(That showed its light a passing day
And in a night then passed away)
Has yet survived and held aloof,
Disdained His counsel and reproof,
The right of God to rule in earth,
Since man was made and sin had birth;
And held a Sabbath day of rest;
And, laws by which the good are blest,
And man was taught the love of man
Because in him God's love began:
And poor and sick were clothed and fed

For so they must; the book had said:
And he should reign from pole to pole
Till books of every age unroll:
Though darkness cloud awhile the skies,
The light should yet, somewhere, arise.
And promise old and promise new,
Which ever proved itself so true,
That He would never leave, forsake,
The people who His word should take:
Which only taught that God was One,
And Him besides there could be none
To save from sin and death and strife,
And promise give of endless life.

Tell me, O man, what is in view,
What is it that you wish to do?
To take the saints down out of heaven
And make them own their light, as given
Was now of brightest lustre shorn;
Nor filled their mission, well and good,
As they for all the book had stood,—
That they were "righteous over much"
And, wrong, requiring faith, as such?
That Luther, who with towering might,
With glittering sword to pierce the night
Of Papal darkness, dared to go
The blessed Bible seed to sow,
Far and wide, o'er land and sea,
To wake the song of Jubilee?
And Epworth sage, himself who wrought,
Confirming truths which Luther taught:

And Scotland's daring truthful Knox—
White of hand and firm as rocks
That stem the ocean's waves to shore,
Enforcing these still more and more—
And all the grand array of men
Who preached as Jesus told them then,
His Gospel as the writings show,
Till man o'er all the earth should know,—
To meet Him, every soul prepare
For His last coming in the air,
Have called, to muster in the field—
The sword of faith and truth to wield,
Till countless millions answered call
And by the Book to stand or fall,
Have lived their valued day and died.
And went to Heaven glorified—
Must these be brought now to account
For standing on the 'ternal mount,
Preaching the Bible's Christ to men,
Daring the devil in his den,
To wrest the book from hands that hide,
Preaching its contents far and wide?

THEY ARE CALLING ME.

Meseems I hear sweet voices calling me,
In accents sweet and low, over the sea,
From ev'ry earthly care to seek release,
And find in Heaven, at last, a sweet surcease,

Where hopes that glowed, then died along the way
Again shall bloom, in everlasting day;
And songs that ne'er, on earth, were fully sung,
Are finished where immortal harps are strung.

My mother's voice is calling now to me
All doubtful walks of life, to shun and flee,
As oft when I was but a wayward child
She called me from the paths where sin beguiled,
And bade me like a bird to shelter fly
Lest by temptation I should fall and die;
And hide myself, till all the storms are past
And meet her in that "Sun-bright clime" at last.

In songs of dreams, I hear them calling me
To some fair place, from clouds and shadows free,
Where grief no more shall start the scalding tear;
Nor heartstrings break o'er loss of friends so [dear;
Nor storms nor tempests rage, nor clouds arise,
In that bright world beyond the far-off skies,
To which the true and good have gone away,
To live in light of an unending day.

Some strange, sweet voices still seem calling me,
In echoes soft, from wood and hill and lee:
By songs and scenes and years of long ago,
When hope with nameless splendor all aglow
Held o'er my heart and soul a magic spell,

And left an impress which no words can tell!
Those scenes so dear, and friends, from sorrow free,
Their voices evermore are calling me.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Here is a question which we wish to ask,
'Twill show perhaps, the drift of your design,
How you propose to execute life's task,
Whether on strait, or some diverging line.
The Golden Rule do you neglect and spurn,
Of right 'tween man and man the guide and sign
And quench the light and fires within that burn—
Apples of Sodom choose, or husks of swine?

Do you to others do as you expect
And wish that they likewise should do to you?
The question is to you, plain and direct,
In perfect frankness answer and be true.
No word of plain command was ever giv'n
So easy to perform, and fill, and do;
While ev'ry door of Paradise and Heav'n,
Is hinged on that to others done by you.

If what were just some one to you denied
Nor cared that you were often sore distressed,
Nor from your eyes the tears of grief were dried—
Your soul with grief and sorrow oft oppressed;
And 'gainst you some one still held grief or hate

'Cause aught of love or kindness yet is due—
Some act—delayed—of justice, small or great,
You'd then fain do as men should do to you!

Would you not say I wish they'd do to me
As e'er to others I should always do?
And in the light of right you'd plainly see,
To *others* just, were to *yourself* but true.
And if the tide of life seems hard to stem
And spite and selfishness and greed assail,
As you would have men do, just do to them;
So, by this rule you shall at last prevail.

Some things you know you may some time forget,
And what is for the best, don't always know;
Sometimes your choice you'll rue with sore regret
As o'er your rugged path you onward go:
But then while life prolongs its ling'ring light
'Tis always yours to know, and e'er to do
To others—this the summing up of right—
As you would always have them do to you.

REVELLING.

Revelling, falsehood, cards and wine,
No other group of words or line
Of life and death so much can tell
Of fervid hope, or blight of hell;—
The race which mortal ages run
Mortal feet either walk or shun,—

Their chosen doom seals as they go
To heaven above or hell below.

These are the words which tell the tale
Of heads that ache, and eyes that fail,
Of broken hearts, and fortunes lost,
Of hunger's cries, and biting frost;
Of broken vows and burning hearts—
That nameless wail when hope departs,
The sign of Heaven's own ban as plain
As marks which stained the brow of Cain.

O'er these there hangs a lurid shade,
For all their steps are downward grade:
Except at danger's quick surprise
Along these paths no prayers arise:
To Godlike ends they never lead:
For noble aims no travelers plead
Along these ways, for sin and shame
Quench every spark of heavenly flame.

These words wake e'er a dismal sound,
With vibrant echoes from the ground
Where sleeps the dust of those who fell,—
And oh, the tale its notes do tell,—
As if Abaddon, like a child,
Were wailing o'er his ruin wild;
As though the mourning crocodile
In grief were weeping all the while.

'Tis said, oh! would it were not true:
My pen with ink of saddest hue
Has traced these lines. But not with spite
I give them now to open light,
And send them on their winged way,
To meet the garish light of day,
And pass the crucial test of fire
Enkindled by plutonian ire.

MOUNTAIN SCENES.

To climb far up the mountain steep and high,
And stand among the pines which pierce the sky
And look upon the ever deep'ning blue
Of distant folding hills till lost to view;
And canyons dark as ev'ry way they go;
And gorges, weird and deep, far down below
Where sparkling waters hide among the trees
And slyly steal away to distant seas;
And beauteous scenes, so wondrous to behold,
You think you dwell in some strange land of old.

To look away 'neath golden sunset skies
And see the distant ocean as it lies
In beauty, as in childlike sleep and rest,
As though no storm should e'er sweep 'cross its breast;
Where sea birds play around in tireless flight,
And mighty ships are passing day and night;

While dark blue, yeasty waves against the shore
In ceaseless fury lash, forevermore,
A charm comes o'er you like a wizard's spell,
While sweet sensations in your bosom swell!

THOUGHTS AS THEY COME AND GO—A FRAGMENT.[10]

Ancient ruins, unearthed by pick and spade,
Some rare disclosures to this age have made,
Some modes and forms of life in ages old,
A tale of which—mute, weird and strange—is told,
Of Pompeii, and cities buried deep,
Where vigils of eternal silence keep
Their nightly silent watches evermore,
Nor heed the din of life, like that of yore,
Which raged and roared along each buried street
Ere fate and fury for their overthrow did meet.
Long ages past have kept their secrets hid,
Nor of their buried hopes, the coffin lid
Where they have lain hid out of mortal sight
In their own last Mackphelah's lawful right
Was raised till modern life, unsatisfied
With all that floats upon the ebbing tide
Of life and death, of broken heart,—and tomb,—
And urns of mouldering hope awaiting doom,
Have wished to probe the caves of death for speech
With which we know not what to write or preach!
As though no faithful sentry ever stood

And died—met death in lava-bed and blood;
Or busy baker's oven full of bread
With which some craving lips were to be fed:
Or rich paved streets, and things of rarest mould;
And feasts for eyes which love to look at gold;
And diamond-jeweled necks which craned to see
Each glimpse of pleasure and its pageantry:
Or ballet girls, for lustful eyes at play,
Whose look, like that of serpent, woos away
The guileless child of home and mother love,
Whose dirge of hopeless hope, like cooing dove,
Must some day rise and swan-like sing till death
Release the ruined soul from that foul breath
Which asp-like sends its poison through the heart
Of all whom it shall touch, nor e'er depart
Till, like the ruined city's crimes unrolled,
Their tragic fate, and shame, and death are told
By ruthless mongers vain, whose fond delight
Is e'er to gloat o'er degradation's plight.
With pen like vulture's beaks, all dipped in gall,
On some dark, putrid mass so fain would fall,
Or pick and spade that rob the silent grave,
As though its charnel-house had power to save.
It matters not to you, if life alway,
Or death, for some, until my coming day;
It matters little ever for the dead,
Nor aught for them from whom the life has fled;
'Tis better far to follow me and live,
Than your own time and soul at last to give.
To search the tomb of Rameses the great,
To find the time and place he died, and date

Of all his acts in peace and war, and all
That showed the tyrant's greed to hold in thrall
The primal race of men, the chosen race,
Estranged by sin from that lost happy place,
Where Eden's bowers bloomed with light and life,
Ere innocence from hence had taken flight,
And lambent light shown bright o'er all the earth,
To glad the world with joy ere sin had birth,
And sorrows grew by ever passing way,
While man ate bread in labor day by day;
And thorns invited blood from every hand,
And thistles planted seed in every land,
And serpents hissed in every shady bower,
Where blew the rose and bloomed the fragrant
flower,
And sorrows many fold were multiplied,
And groans on every passing breeze did ride;
And anguish deep in tone was heard aloud,
And omens dark were seen in passing cloud,
And mildew with a sickly hue was all around:
And doom of curse was written on the ground:
And war's black masted ship its anchor weighed,
Its colors death, and with the winds were played,
And started on its voyage dark and dread,
To fleck the bed of ocean with the dead;
To show the coral reefs to sightless eyes,
And make them graves from which no more to rise,
Till curse shall be no more and Trumpet sound,—
Till seas give up their dead and all the ground
Which holds the sleeping dust in prison long,
And with that countless curious mighty throng,

Shall come at beck of Him from distant shore,
To which 'tis sworn they shall return no more:
And time's last day and hour of light is o'er,
And suns which shone in beauty o'er the world,
No more their wings of light to be unfurled:
And moons in blood shall drape themselves in red,
As though in grief for all, herself had bled:
And stars that Herchel saw with aided eye,
Which God had "called by name" in far off sky,
And placed for signs and seasons far above
The walks of men, to shine in light and love,—
Should sink in sudden, dark, and endless night,
And evermore withhold their gladsome light;
And noise should rise like many roaring seas,
And earth should lose its poise and long-felt ease,
And elemental nature hoarsely creak
In every hinge and part at last, and break
And rend like parchment scroll—with fervent heat
Should melt and pass away as lightning fleet;
And rocks that stem the thousand ocean waves,
When fiercest storm with unchained madness raves,
Shall rend like ashen cones at slightest touch;
And everlasting hills, as if in clutch
Of giant hands at play, will fall and lie,
As all these awful scenes are passing by:
And man shall cry in bitter, mournful wail,
That rocks and mountains, weath'ring every gale,
Shall fall on them and thus forever hide
From face of Him whose wrath they can't abide;
For in these signs they see, nor hence can fly,
The great day of His wrath approaches nigh.

And thus shall pass away heaven and earth,
Which ne'er had known, nor sorrow, pain nor dearth,
But He who made them good, to hold their place,
Was set at naught by our rebellious race,
Who called for seeds of death and sweat and pain,
And sorrow's endless, cruel, awful reign,
With all the blight of evil in its train,
Till death shall take them back to dust again.
Or ever poison mounted wings of wind,
Which ne'er were known if man had never sinned,
And blew mephitic poisons into deepest caves,
With acrid flavor laded all the ocean's waves;
The trackless deserts where no waters rise;
In waters deep yet man for water cries,
While o'er its foaming crest on raging main,
By storms is often driven back again,
And plumed a tireless wing that knows no rest,
And flies in haste to every human nest;
And venom fans from every mountain crest,
From north to south and then from east to west,
Till laden heavy every passing breeze,
And all the waves of all the distant seas,
And air and earth, and seasons, heat and cold,
Are charged with ills that never can be told.
Or ever sunken eyes from which the light is gone
Through which the soul had oft in beauty shone
So bright, and spoke, that beggared words of grace
And woke the trance of love upon the face,
With all that sightless eyes and pallid cheek,
And voices which shall never wake to speak,
Shall mean to those whose heartstrings almost break,

When those beloved their last long journey take,
And leave them weeping on the lonely shore
To which they can return, no nevermore;
And crapes and emblems hang upon the door,
And tokens still of sorrow, more and more,
And signs of grief all take their gruesome place,
The emblems chose by nations of our race:
As Abyssinians gather leaves like gold,
Or Chinese deck in white, that you behold
The beauty of the land to which are gone
The loved and lost who left them one by one:
And those whose mourning dress is always blue,
So like the sky through which they think there flew
The unchained souls of those released from clay,
And found at last the land of endless day.
And others wound themselves with sharpened knives
To rudely show their grief for loss of lives
So wrapped in theirs, and so endeared by love,
They seem to suffer like a wounded dove.
And some give all that craven souls shall ask,
And enter on that awful futile task—
That dark illusion vain and weird and dread—
To try to mend the soul when life has fled.
The Heaven scorned sequel to that low vain thought.
That life or character with gold is bought!
Not yet nor here does this sad story end,
Though all if told would hearts untimely rend,
And throw a shadow of some deadly fears
And break the secret fountain of those tears
Which once they flow, some weird traditions find
Thenceforth and evermore the eyes are blind.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF HIGHER CRITICISM.

The Higher Critic Accuses Paul:

'Tis writ you said that Christ was king,
And with Him did redemption bring,
And Him from death, God's power did raise,—
That it was Him "Ancient of Days."
These truths you taught, naught ever said
But what in Scripture you had read.
Nor pen did write, nor truth did tell
Of life or death or heaven or hell.
You saw the book in balance weighed—
You heard defense which Stephen made,
Who traced, as Greek, the light that fell
To save the world from death and hell,
And to its truth you stopped your ears
To stifle all your guilty fears.
But when you answered Christ "my Lord,"
You sought to know His will and word,
And preach the same till old and grey—
Till close of life's last glorious day.
The gravest charge we bring today,
Is, being *chief* of all, you say,
If any one so dared to preach—
Another Gospel dared to teach—
The curse shall fall upon his head,
'Twere better far that he were dead.
Your learning was so great and much
And every theme your pen did touch
Was handled with an honest view,

And no one questions this as true.
Then why did you not once for all,
Refuse the truth to hold in thrall—
Admit the Scriptures were a guide,
But as historic facts supplied;
And reason sanctioned, by the way,
And check delusion's march for aye?
You stand condemned, and Jesus too,
For loosely quoting them as true;
For you the truth could then have made
So plain, that never doubt or shade
Had yet obscured the sacred page:—
Estopped the Critic's thirst and rage
To know if dates were just as read
And names were just as they were said,
If Moses got from second hand,
Some things inscribed, so good and grand,
Compared with which were no account
The Saviour's teachings on the mount,
And laws from thundering Sinai given
To lead from wrong and guide to heaven.
You say the Scriptures, claim them guide,
You intimated no divide
Of what was doubtful, what was true,
As though all credence them was due.
And thus forever bound their right
Till time's last day shall close in night;
As in the laws of civil states
By every rule that correlates
To quote a book that owns its force
(Though quoted but in part, of course)

Unless the same has been repealed
And this is plainly then revealed—
Why did you not foretell, some day
Critics the veil would tear away,
Tell the world that superstition
Had led nearly to perdition,
That books and dates and authors' names,
Were more essential than the flames
Of ardent love to God and Son
That burns till sin and dross are gone?
Chronology if found at fault,
Then faith in all should call a halt,
And if some two have said the same
Neither of them our faith should claim;
Yet still by condescension may
A minor part be 'lowed to play.
That even religion should change,
(Though this to some would seem so strange)
As Materia Medica
From many an ancient formula
Religion would be something new
To suit the time we're passing through!
And if the critics of our day
Have any truth in what they say,
The genuineness of a book
You must in no wise overlook;
Nor by whom every page was wrote,
And how the scribes from it did quote,
No matter if 'twere Light Supernal,
Reflected from the truth Eternal.
That faith should dare no further go

L OF C.

Than reason's hailing voice said no,
That no "inerrant" book was ours.
We could know God by reasoning powers,
Though Scriptures say this cannot be—
But not inerrant Scriptures, see!
What say you now, the aged Paul?
Make answer true and once for all.

St. Paul Answers:

We told you that there would be those
Along the tide of time that flows,
Who teachers to themselves would heap,
And itching ears would ever keep,
And Scriptures to destruction wrest,
And arrows pierce in their own breast!
That if they would not deign to hear
Moses and every prophet seer
They would not turn to God nor fear,
Though from the dead one should appear.
We said those Scriptures hand in hand
Should go with Christ to every land,
And two decades of centuries on
Shall show the light that men shall own
And bring for sin such great relief—
The blessed Bible every leaf.
We told you they'd deny the Lord
Who bought them with His precious blood;
Their correspondence try to break
And then to flimsy fancies take;
A form of godliness assume,
To gain eternal life presume,

And change God's truth into a lie;
Obscure the poor man's light and sky
And for his bread give him a stone
And bid him see when light is gone.
We told you that enough was wrote,
If you would of this all take note,
You might on Him with faith believe
And then eternal life receive.
We left a warning not obscure,
Sound doctrine some would not endure
And 'gainst the truth would ever fight,
Loving darkness more than light,
That Christ denied as true Divine
Would mark that dark, diverging line
Where all with many currents glide
Without a rudder or a guide:
That by and for him all was made,
That he had earth's foundations laid.
And God, about whom nothing's known
Except through Christ the Eternal Son,
They would deny or leave alone
On some far distant, unknown throne:
Yet call Him to a strict account
Because the Sermon on the Mount
And some predictions long ago
Were in the forms of prayers that flow
From hearts with direful vengeance filled,
As though in truth such had he willed!
'Twas in His house false proofs were made
Without was hung the crucial blade—
They were false friends who disbelieved,

And by them was the world deceived.
We never taught that principles in *dates*
Were fixed, though emphasized in civil states;
That truth may stand alone and cannot die
Serve God and do the right, the prophets cry!
It matters little if no date be given,
Its test has proved it truth from Heaven.
The Scriptures all record the given grace
By which the Lord has deigned to save our race.
It matters not if two have said the same
Or records were not kept just how it came—
That each in inspiration's part, and lot,
Was ruled by God's decree, and his was not
The work to fence against the quibbling jest
Of those who figures weigh 'gainst heavenly rest.
No Scripture given of God has led astray,
Its truth e'er shines with brightening ray
And warns all ages 'gainst the ways of sin
And shows how they by Christ may enter in;
That they who love the ways of sin the best
Can never in themselves find lasting rest:
That they who follow every giddy train
That goes in search of pleasures light and vain:—
To see the sights impinging more and more
On that sweet gift once lost, is nevermore
But like a broken vase that held a rose,
Whose sweetest fragrance no one ever knows
Except by broken fragments scattered 'round
And lingering sweetness that on these is found.
That they who list to Sirens' songs of mirth
And coyly linger near those shades of earth—

And fall at last in that entrancing power
Which first beguiled in Eden's lovely bower
With that false speech which only serpents use
And all but those in serpent's thrall refuse:
"That worldly pleasures which no prayers attend
Where sexes, lust and wine all connate blend
That there's no harm in places such as these—
That you may go, and when, and where, you please:
That cards and dancing both and cognate foes
Rest not beneath the awful curse of woes"
The mildest form of which was written down,
No kingdom could they see nor wear the crown
Laid up for those whom revels could not charm;
Nor wished to know if this or that were harm,
The rather has He bid this way, and gone,
That they might still with speed e'er follow on.

ESAU.

'Tis sad to think of Esau's hungry trade,
The rueful, rueless bargain which he made;
And how, in bitterness of soul, he cried
When true repentence was to him denied!
The wheels of fate and character had met.
Repentance door opes not to sore regret,
Though it should pierce the heart's deep core with pain
And wake the moan of sorrow's sad refrain.
E'en though repentant tears the eyes bedew,
Some acts no godly sorrow can undo

When on some other's life their blight must fall,
When once they're past and gone beyond recall.
Regret for self and change may soothe the mind,
Forgiveness for its sin the soul may find,
And doting love all evils may condone
And fruits of good expect where none have grown.
But generations yet must help rebuild
The work destroyed and good that has been killed.
A father's favor now weighs down the scale
And Esau's person is preferred; the veil
Of dimness hangs on Isaac's dotaged eyes
Lest by his blessing then had passed the prize,
With all it meant to nation's yet unborn,
To one who for himself all else would scorn
And barter off a kingdom for a meal.
Naught could these traits from Rachel's eyes conceal
So to the chase he once again returns;
Deep in his heart the fire of anger burns,
Vowing with vengeance to return ere long.
But they who pine and in an evil day
Will sell themselves, cast all their rights away—
Will soon forget the past—their minds will change,
Be satisfied with pleasures on the range;
The traits of character will out at last
And justify the wisdom of the past.

SOMEBODY WAITING.

There is somebody waiting for you:
It is needless now to tell you who;

With heartfelt tears and bitter cry,
They're calling you with many a sigh;
Like mournful plaint of the lonesome dove,
Calling all day for its absent love;
Or, moaning spirits of pines that sough—
O there's somebody waiting for you.

There is somebody waiting for you:
The wounds you made, oh, you little knew,
By words you spoke with a careless air,
Which seemed to say, "Oh, I do not care,"
Even though the words were never said,
Yet something away on swift wing sped,
To wound the soul, like an arrow flew—
O there's somebody waiting for you.

There is somebody waiting for you:
There's something that you are called to do;
A heart in its deep and silent grief
Still awaits your coming with relief;
And eyes that so oft are bathed in tears
Might cease to weep for the coming years;
And the world take on a brighter hue—
O there's somebody waiting for you.

There is somebody waiting for you:
Their robes all damp with the falling dew,
The night has been long and cold and chill,
With hope deferred, they are waiting still;
The kindly beam of your loving eye
Would drive the clouds from their darkened sky;

Why wait the day when your soul must rue?—
O there's somebody waiting for you.

There is somebody waiting for you:
Somebody waiting these long years through;
By unweighed words, which once were spoken,
Somebody's heart was almost broken;
And somebody's life is sad and drear,
While waiting a message from you to hear,
Again to say, that your heart is true—
O there's somebody waiting for you.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD IN CHICAGO.[11]

Six thousand soldiers, here, in lonely silence sleep
While o'er their mouldering dust some unseen sentries keep
Their watches, as in years long past, of war and strife,
As though at warning call, they'd wake again to life,
With all the fiery zeal of Muster's martial day,
When light of burning hope led them to fields of fray.

The very ghosts of loneliness seem hovering in the shade
Of obelisks and shafts, which for the rich are made,
As if their silent dust lying beneath the ground,
Were trembling still in dread of some rude step or sound,

Like shriek of ghouls, who once disease and hunger plied
Till all their work was done and the prisoner died.

Within these deep "Concentric trenches" lie, each form
Of Father, Husband, Son, now safe from earthly harm,
All undistinguished and unmarked, but by the sward
Of Nature's green; while the sad Sentry, standing guard
High on his pedestal midway this circling Tomb,
All wait the opening day of unescaping doom.

No slab or stone is found, with each endearing name
Inscribed, as showing who he was or whence he came,
That hearts once breaking o'er his loss might seek relief
While planting flowers of love and shedding tears of grief,
Till faith should soothe, and bid despairing clouds depart
And grief should wear itself away, and leave the heart.

From Alabama's genial clime and summer land,
And from the Lone Star state, in history great and grand,
From Georgia's Mines of Gold, down to her sea-washed bar,

And from Missouri's fields and rivers famed, and far
Places where Chivalry has ever had it home
Within their bounds 'neath heaven's azure smiling dome:

From Carolina's scenes of wealth and beauty rare,
And Old Kentucky's hills and Blue grass regions fair;
From door of Morn, to where the Sunset shadows fall
Through all the South, none deaf to Country's clarion call;
From Old Virginia's fields and classic halls of fame,
With love for home-land dear, their hearts then all aflame:

From many happy homes 'way down in Tennessee,
And from Magnolia groves that border on the sea,
And from the fragrant fields where Orange Blossoms grow,
And from the skirting plains where soft sea-breezes blow,
They came at Bugle call, the bravest of the brave—
And died in prison here—were buried in one grave!

Oh! who shall sing their Dirge, what Bard with gifts divine
Shall render fitting praise, at Valor's temple shrine,
So justly due to those who thought that they were right,

And dared to make defense, and 'gainst such odds to
fight?
Crushed and impris'ned they pleaded for a piece of
bread,
Calling feebly till the starving soldier was dead.

Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep, and rest henceforth
in peace,
From gnashing teeth and prison grime you've found
release;
The salt of heartfelt tears, shed for you far away,
Shall hallow and preserve, keep sacred all your clay;
And when that God, so just, gives life to it again,
May then be found, for all things lost, Eternal gain.

A PLAINT.

O God and Father of my Lord,
Thou Great Instructor of my soul,
Send to my heart Thy spoken word,
For o'er my life deep billows roll.
For oft I drift far out from shore;
And led adrift by stubborn will;
I would be moored in Thee once more.
Let Him again say "peace be still."

The tempest rages fierce and wild,
The winds beat pitiless and chill,
O hear the cry of Thy poor child,
I want to do Thy blessed will;

I want to fight 'gainst self and sin,
  I want to gain a crown at last;
I want to strive, and enter in,
  When all my days on earth are past.

O Thou, eternal Son of love,
  The gift and ransom of our race,
Who left the shining courts above,
  Who only saw God "face to face";
The night is dark, hear Thou my call,
  Mine eyes are dim, the mists are deep;
Hold Thou my hand, Lord, lest I fall,
  And far from home, I fall asleep.

I take my soul to strict account—
  Enter my closet, shut the door,
And pray, the sermon on the mount
  May be my theme forevermore.
But from that shining path so bright,
  How oft I've wandered far astray—
Forgot that fast approaching night
  So soon might end my earthly day.

Let me, like Jacob, choose and pray,
  And halt my way through life below,
And let my body shrink away
  If from Thy hand shall come the blow;
Since wrongs in life must surely right,
  No brother wronged and vengeance filled,
Shall meet me in his angry plight;
  Let wrongs in me by Thee be killed.

And if I lose a hand or eye,
  Lean on a staff to find my way,
My right hand's cunning rise and fly,
  And dimly see the light of day,
If He has smitten me in love,
  Oh boon beyond compare to know!
It is that for a life above
  He makes me suffer here below.

O let my soul no more repine,
  Let me this comfort ever feel,
The hand that smites me is divine—
  'Tis only ever for my weal;—
That loss on earth is truest gain,
  If God, who doeth all things well,
Shall right my wrongs with grief and pain,
  Take me at last with Him to dwell.

A MEDLEY ON FOREKNOWLEDGE.[12]

I hear you speak, sometimes, of Nature's laws—
That strange, mysterious power which draws
  The Sun along his path;
And wakes, anon, the storm-king's slumbering eyes
And makes the sleeping waves of ocean rise
  Like giants in their wrath;

And throws the sun-rays on the meadow plain
And ripens fields of nodding golden grain,
  And all the fruits that grow;

Piles hills of snow on towering mountains high,
That rest their heads against the ether sky,
  Whence many rivers flow;

And cause the earthquake's ruthless, rending shocks,
The mournful monotone of rending rocks,
  That wake a mighty din,
When cities full, of old and great renown,
Because they'd won God's just and righteous frown,
  O'erwhelmed, were taken in;

That drives old ocean from his slumber bed—
The shaggy trident of his sleepy head—
  The rocks of danger, shows;
Then back, anon, o'er coral reefs and caves,
Again in safety leads the mighty waves
  As child to night's repose.

And Pestilence, as if with ghoulish glee,
Is sped along, o'er earth, from sea to sea,
  Till health takes wing and flies;
And youth and beauty, wealth, and love and hope
To its imperious call the door must ope,
  And fall no more to rise.

And war's red sword and clanging steel is heard
With rage of carnage many eyes are blurred,
  And light forever gone;
For those who saw, and yet refused God's day,

Were crushed along their own rebellious way,
Nor feared Him on his throne.

The glowing sun, its course always the same,
The waning moon, since they were set in frame
In distant ages old;
And stars that gleamed, ere Bethlehem's had shone,
As seasons come and go, from zone to zone,
And in its grasp to hold

The mighty ebb and ever flowing tide,
And crested waves on breathing billows ride,
And lave the pebbly shore;
And then into the deepest calm to fall,
To wait, like faithful sentry, for His call,
Nor e'er would go before;

And dread dynamic forces ever keep
The balance poised, of distant worlds that peep
Through distant, far-off skies,
And throw effulgent, lavish light, alway
That falls along the sweat-damped paths we stray,
Till that "Great Day" shall rise.

But then there is no law controlling these,
A self-enforcing rule, which reason (?) sees,
Aside from God at work.
We see what God has done, and think 'twill be
Today, tomorrow and always to see
The same, and so we shirk

That dread conclusion, and ourselves to place,
Each day and hour, to meet Him, face to face,
And know that all we touch,
Of work or thought, or sorrow, pain or death,
Come or go, love or hate, or drawing breath,
It is to Him, as such.

The poor Red Man, untutored in his mind,
Saw God in clouds and heard Him in the wind,
Was wiser than he knew.
For God to make the world and set its pace,
And then for aye, to turn away his face,
To time's last limit through,

Were yet to draw a most perplexing line,
Which no degree of reason could define,
Without the aid of light
Which comes with that conclusion, grand and high
That God's own hand, in all things, earth and sky,
Is holding by His might.

For, he who knows the most of Nature's laws
Is he who sees the most, and ever draws
His chart, his compass, guide,
To honor God and follow, day and night—
Albeit, too, withal, in books to write,
That faith may still abide:

That men may know, and trust, that in His fist
The winds, the sun-rays and the passing mist,
And waters, all that flow,

Are held, and by His will, the ages through,
All these have blessed, aye, day by day, so true,
For He all needs does know.

He knew the future freedom choice we'd make
And ev'ry future course, by choice, we'd take,
He were not God to not.
But deep within the bosom of his love,
He gave each soul a right to live above,
If they had ne'er forgot.

Strange way to analyse the mind of God,
Assumed by thoughtless men, the earth have trod
To say and make it look
As though, debarred from prescient ken, in truth,
Is yet what men may choose to do, forsooth!
Where do they read? What book?

That God Himself does not e'en know, *they trow*
What he for *reasons* does not wish to know
For this they can't deny
That God foreknows what he would *not* foreknow;
Foreknowledge then He must by choice forego,
Until men live and die!

This view would find the moral world adrift,
And man with power his neighbor's destiny to rift
By sudden turn of will;
And, God till then, nor could, nor did not know,
Until was struck the dire and awful blow
The dark design to fill!

Yes, He foreknew what I would will and do;
I do not will and do 'cause He foreknew,
For then 'twere sin's deep source.
If knowledge of my choice controls my act—
To know were to propel to ev'ry fact,
I could not change my course.

My Lord was calling, from before was laid
Earth's foundation, with all its grand parade,
Of love and joy and song,
And saw the race of ev'ry man as run—
Made record of his chosen course till done,
Who could accuse Him wrong?

A SNAPSHOT AT CONFERENCE.

I saw them gathered 'round in many groups,
They'd come from near and far, o'er hill and plain,
The young who stands erect, and him who stoops,
The man with large and him with smaller brain;
I saw but few exceptions to this rule,
It seemed a common test had passed them through—
Matriculates of some renown-ed school,
Always the same, 'neath clouds, and skies of blue—
They were using *tobacco.*

They were the men, the mother *taught* her boy,
Had passed review, were sent out, clean of hand
As patterns ne'er to triflingly employ
The golden hours of life, but e'er to stand

To court the world to search if aught unclean
  Were by them touched, or charged to their account,
As going to and fro, through lane and scene,
  To preach the word and "Sermon on the Mount"—
    How sad they used tobacco.

They were the men who claimed to stand for all
  The things so lovely and of good report,
For which the ages e'er so loudly call—
  Adjudged, and then decreed in heaven's court,
That they who lead, should be for all the flock
  Examples without blame, in ev'ry way
To stem the evil tide, like ocean's rock,
  Through all the years to time's last closing day—
    But still they used tobacco.

They were the men commanded e'er to preach,
  Though "habit to the bone" and hunger craved—
"No meat while worlds should stand," the Scriptures teach
  Were better than offended soul unsaved.
To starve for other's sake were Manna-food;
  To mortify the "habit deeds" of flesh
And die, were yet to live again in God,
  And drink of life's eternal fountain fresh—
    How could they use tobacco?

I saw them stand in prophet's vestments clad,
  And heard their "words that burn" and sayings wise;
I heard the multitudes with voices glad
  Repeat their names and laud them to the skies,

And many purse strings were again untied
To pay their bills and send them on their way;
But many children, too, from cold and hunger cried,
And wished for that in food, which preachers pay
O'er counters for tobacco.

And when I saw, I wondered what they thought
Must be the weight attached to all they'd say,
And what the fruit of all their labor wrought,
Since their example goes the other way:
If preaching ne'er above one's life can rise,
And, judged by this, the fruit of seed they'd sow
Might chance of wheat, or tares, 'twere no surprise,
Like saying *this* and doing *that,* you know—
You can't approve tobacco.

And when I saw I thought of what was said
Of training children, step by step, for God
By word and act, each day, from childhood led
In nurtured paths, their feet with truth all shod,
How could they plead with youth, to do in this,
(If they to better self would e'er prove true)
As they should *say,* not as, in fact, they *do,*
Sounds like the hollow smack of Judas' kiss—
"Strange bed-mates" has tobacco.

I heard it said, but tell it not in Gath,
Oh no, nor in the streets of Askalon,
I whisper it in grief, and not in wrath,
That they who drink and smoke, are all *like one;*
The demon of the drink clutches like death,

Disease and habit haunt the withered heart,
That he who preaches with tobaccoed breath,
Should cease, or from his "habit" quick depart—
Should give up his tobacco.

'Tis said—with what of truth, I leave to you—
That preachers smoke enough away each day
To keep a missionary well and true,
And yet they plead with you the same to pay.
They do before your boys, what, should they do,
(The boy's example true, preachers should be)
Would pierce your soul with many sorrows through,
Destroy your hopes and bring deep misery—
If they should use tobacco.

When Christ shall come again, on earth to reign,
Millennial day shall dawn, some think it will,
Abaddon bound in hell with prison-chain,
While songs of joy resound from ev'ry hill,
Will preachers *"smoke and chew"* as they are wont?
Will this be part of all their heightened joy
When they shall gather at the holy mount?
Or, *triumph o'er its curse,* their songs employ—
The habit of tobacco?

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.[6]

The hosts of Israel's captive race,
From Judah's vined and purple hills,

Slaves to the men of swarthy face,
Ground in the Babylonian mills.

"Come, sing a song," their masters said,
"Cheer up, nor longer droop in woe;
The listless eye, the sinking head,
Does not with best of labor go."

"Come, sing the songs that first you sang
Oblivious of our guarding bands,
When sweet and clear your voices rang,
And rapt, you clapped your Jewish hands."

"How can we sing of Zion's hill;
Of our great Rock, our Shepherd true,
Where ditches all the lowlands fill,
And sun fire burns the whole day through?

"And can we sing of Lebanon,
Or joy in Hermon's hoary heights,
Mid treeless plains of Babylon,
Upon whose sands no glory lights?

"We cannot sing a song of joy,
When in each booth a widowed breast,
Mourns for a murdered Hebrew boy—
Songs are not born in hearts oppressed.

"The glory of our former Kings
Crowned heads anointed of the Lord,
Has passed away with worthless things,
Destroyed at an alien's word.

"We saw the beauteous House of God,
Which Mount Moriah's crest o'er crowned,
Disjoined from pinnacle to sod
And cast unholy on the ground.

"We cannot sing. But we can cry
To Him who is our Sun and Strength,
That He will hear us from on high,
And vengeance pay for us at length.

"We trust the Shepherd, who in wrath
Destroys the wolf who spoils the fold,
Will through oppression make a path,
And lead us to the Courts of old."

ANXIETY.

Where are the feet of those I love,
What paths beneath, what skies above,
What evils hide beside their way,
With power to lead their hearts astray?
Tell me, oh! murky folds of night,
Tell me, oh! rays of dawning light,
Oh! where and what is now their state,
What issues on their lives await?
Tell me, oh! winds that round me roar,
Oh! zephyrs calm when day is o'er,
Oh! bring some message to my heart
And quiet fears that make me start.

THE FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

Where now are all the friends of boyhood's years,
With whom, 'mid scenes where heart to heart endears,
We passed so many happy, joyous days,
Around which still, fond mem'ry throws its rays,
Which seem to light the way to where my grief
In silence must be borne without relief,
While mem'ry holds its place and reason reigns,
Till we shall meet on the eternal plains?

And where are they, of manhood's years mature,
With whom we worked and hardness did endure,
(To coward flight naught could our hearts allure)
Through heat and cold, our motives always pure,
Who to my call no longer answer here?
No more their ringing voices loud and clear,
Till that long roll is called beyond the sky,
When I shall hear them answer, "Here am I."

How hollow, sad and drear that echo comes,
As mocking silence from a land of tombs,
Where lie the shades of buried dreams, to rise
No more and float like sunshine in the skies,—
To light the path of hope and lead its way,
And throw o'er all the guild of glorious day.
How wistfully I look to that far shore,
Where we shall meet and part, then, nevermore.

And now to those who've not yet gone away,
To them I wave "all hail" with love's display,

And bid them stand in truth's eternal might,
Nor fear the powers of darkness or of night;
The goal for which we strive with ardent hope,
Its golden gate and glories soon shall ope,
And we shall pitch our tents hard by the Throne,
And God shall say to us at last, "Well done."

NEVER MAN SPAKE AS THIS MAN.

We did not bring Him here at your request,
  We know not why, nor how, we cannot tell;
We wot not that we went at your behest.
  Our burnished swords, enscabbered, idly fell,
Useless and dangling at our side; nor thought
  We once of cow'ring culprit skulking low
From searching eye, which owns some evil wrought,
  And from official presence fain would go:
Nor of ourselves, your punishment or ban,
For words like His were never spoke by man.

His eye that on us beamed, though strange to say,
  Seemed holding in its look a lucid gleam
More searching that the sun at high noon-day,
  Though gentle and subdued as living stream
Of sparkling water down from mountain side,
  Nor seemed that aught was hidden from that gaze;
Nor from that eye durst none e'er try to hide;
  But as the candle fly flits to the blaze,
So thousands follow Him, of caste or clan;—
That eye that shone was not the eye of man.

His voice was like the Aeolian strains, so rare,
As if the winds of Paradise had swept
Across some golden harp of angel fair,
A string o'er which no discord ever crept;
Or like the cadence of some night bird's song,
That echoes in some distant, lonely dell,
Whose sweetest notes were wont to still prolong,
And with aromied zephyrs rise and swell,
This problem solve for us who will or can,
Why speech like His was never made by man.

Countless multitudes of eager eyes
Were prying close to see His face, and hear
His speech, so much unlike our learned and wise,
As if it doomed all nations far and near,
And ages gone and ages yet to come;
For in His tones appeared a right to hold
A balance poised, to tell the final doom
Of all who lived or died from ages old—
Who lived a thousand years or but a span—
Why, no man ever spake as did this man.

No man was there with brush to make a trace
His person to outline to ages through,—
To show the contour of His radiant face,
His flowing locks, his eyes,—their cast or hue.
Curious thoughts had gone from every mind;
Some power had seized and held that numerous throng,
And to one issue, life and death did bind.
We knew the meaning then of David's song,

"No prophets harm, nor God's anointed one";
Our hearts within us burned to kiss the Son.

The rich had homes and houses fine and grand,
  Their tithes all paid had many talents left;
Auriferous isles with all their golden sand;
  And gaudy temples which the skies had cleft:
But he whose words were spoke to us this day
  In thrilling tones we never can forget,
Had not a place on which His head to lay—
  A face which then bespoke no bloody sweat;
What was it, then, that through our spirits ran,
List'ning to His words never spoke by man?

Then our official badge dwindled to naught,
  Our shame had then become consuming fire
That we would crush the hopes of those who thought
  That it was He, by every prophet sire
Foretold, should yet redeem the land we love,
  Jerusalem, the good, where Salem's King
Should reign in righteousness; nor thence remove
  Till our triumphant songs all tongues should sing.
Our good right hands forgot their cunning then
Ere they were raised to seize on Him *as man.*

The Forum echoes oft with flowery speech,
  The polished shafts of its most cultured tongue
Enchant the minds of all whom it can reach
  With prose and verse like that which Sappho sung,
(And plaudits long and laurels fair are given)
  Of conquests, wars and spoils and worldly fame.

He spoke of righteousness and peace and heaven,—
Release from sin and death through His own name:
The world swept on as after Him they ran,
For words like His were never spoke by man.

They say He never speaks an idle word,
That no one ever yet has seen Him laugh;
For those who follow Him so close ne'er heard
One say,—or note a single paragraph
That tells of levity that marks his mein,
Through all the years of His most strange sojourn
Along the path that's trod by living men—
Seems moving on to some mysterious bourne.
Is this the Christ? Again the prophets scan
In counsel wonderful, mightier than man.

They said He came from mountain lone and cold;
The blind and maimed and palsied, halt and lame
Were there, like stricken sheep outside the fold,
With gladdened eyes whene'er they heard His name,
Seeking to catch one loving look or smile,
When all their ills by Satan bound like cords,
Were gone on sudden wing, and left the while
He raised His eyes to heaven or spake sweet words.
Arrest Him, then, by whom you will or can,
We saw and heard what ne'er was heard of man.

He lives and loves, they say, and weeps and prays
That desert wastes in vernal bloom may rise,
Once more in beauty shine, ere yet He lays
Himself upon the altar and devise

The way to leave a perfume and bequeath
The rare example of a harmless life,
And thus enchant the very house of death
With hope of long surcease from toil and strife.
Lawful if it should be to call Him man,
None e'er spake as He since the world began.

THOMAS ROGERS.

Ah! brave and noble man, 'tis mine to trace
A loving verse and give it here a place
Among the gems which memory holds so dear
Of names and times and scenes far off and near,
When truest manly traits were brought to view
With virtues e'er that shone your long life through,
Till you had reached the bound of life at last,
And all your toils and cares and fears were past.

From distant vales beyond the Tennessee,
Where sparkling waters flow so glad and free,
You left the home of youth, turned to the west
Where many weary feet at last found rest,
And forged your way through forests wild and deep,
And cross the rivers wide and mountains steep,
Till found the place where life's true work was wrought,
Looking thence to heaven, the home you sought.

And many yet survive, who knew in need,
Whate'er it meant, their cause you'd always plead,

And none would dare oppress when you were nigh;
You stood for right nor would your colors fly,
But now your hand is cold, your great heart still,
No more with earthly hope your soul shall thrill;
You sleep the last long sleep of peace and rest—
You've found your last repose on Jesus' breast.

These lines are but the echo of your praise,
For everywhere you went your words and ways
Have left their impress on the world around,
And loving tributes to your worth abound.
Dear "Uncle Tom," your works you wrought so well,
Of these they all delight to hear and tell;
The seeds which lives like yours are wont to sow,
Their fruitage earth indeed can never know.

"WHEN YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE GIRL."[13]

Your childhood years, are gone, now, like a dream,
  Nor can we ever call them back again;
They've left a halo like a passing gleam,
  I hear, or seem to hear, a sweet refrain,
Which calls up bygone days, that could not last,
  And from the urn-like stillness seem to come
Those voices that were buried with the past,
  Which break like echoes from some far off dome
In witching songs, in memory's busy whirl,
When you were only just a little girl.

On grassy banks, by limpid streams that flow;
Or on the ocean wide, where waves rolled high;
In mountain paths, where firs and cedars grow
Waving their spreading boughs far in the sky;
Or in the rosy vale far down below
Where flowers sweet were in perpet'al bloom,
To send their perfume on all winds that blow,
In every place, and path, your feet should roam,
Of joyous life, you found some shining pearl,
When you were only just a little girl.

And now your girlhood years are nearly past,
You've grown up tall,—pet names are out of date;
Those scenes so dear are now receding fast;
On youth nor age, the years, they do not wait.
And now, sometimes, I think of days gone by,
And wonder if in blindness I did err,
When I refused some things for which you'd cry,—
To what was best e'er wishing to defer,
You thought I acted like a heartless churl
When you were only just a little girl.

I oft recall those glad and happy hours
When you would play with dolls, and broken wares,
And make bouquets of any kind of flowers,—
Play "keeping house" with many queenly airs,
With not a thought of care upon your mind,
And not a cloud in all your sunny skies;
While pleasure sweet you always seemed to find
In singing of and making "hot mud pies;"

And flaming hope its pageant did unfurl,
When you were only just a little girl.

In every place you went you had the best,
And tribute laid on everything in sight,
And made the most of all, with rarest zest,
As though all bliss belonged to you of right;
And always drank of hope's enchanting stream;
In playful mirth your heart was always light,
No fairer face e'er seen in gypsy's dream;
Your dark and smiling eyes were always bright,
While on your brow hung many a winsome curl,
When you were only just a little girl.

UNDER THE CLOUD.[14]

O what is this that tears my soul in twain,
And makes the scalding tears to flow like rain,
From eyes that can not, will not, close in sleep,
But ever restless watchful vigils keep;
And o'er the day throws sullen gloom of night;
And makes the weary hours to drag in flight;
And makes my soul so oft to list, and start,
As though some cruel dagger touched my heart?

While on my soul these darkling shadows lie,
Down in my spirit's depths, there wakes a sigh
Can this be love, that comes from God above,
Who bids us in Him shelter like a dove,

And fly to Him as bird to mountain crest,
And rest secure upon His loving breast,
Who ne'er lets sparrow's fall escape His eye,
Nor ear, the birdling raven's hungry cry?

And when I see His love so often shown
To those from whom all earthly help has flown,
I pray He'll not rebuke me, chide and scorn,
Because I weep and mourn, as one forlorn,
In language which no human speech can tell,
For those I learned of Him to love so well.
This "smoking flax" will He yet sodden make?
A "bruised reed" will he in anger break?

Courage, my soul; to Him turn longing eyes;
And though he slay, yet trust Him, you shall rise;
Your mourning shall be turned to joyous lay,
Your night shall break into a gladsome day.
Remember, at the cold and lonely grave
To trusting Faith, life to the dead He gave:
Through rifting clouds, lo! golden beams are shed,
And glorious hope lifts up my drooping head.

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

Where are the nine? Were there not counted ten?
While this lone one returns to take his place
At call of Church and conscience, God and men,
To fight the fight of faith and make the race
And war an open warfare, good and true,
Nor be ashamed to e'er his colors show;

Nor yet of Him whom it was claimed they knew
And felt as ne'er before, sweet pardon's glow?
Strange they can not be found where light doth shine
Scarce one in ten! O say, "where are the nine?"

This open question stands unanswered still;
The reason why 'tis asked grows none the less,
Nor loses, by the way, its power to thrill,
And move the thoughtful mind to strive to guess
How men, the power that comes from God alone,
With flow of vital blood through leprous frame,
Can feel, then turn in thankless idleness, are gone,
Nor come when called to answer to His name
"Lost sight of," drifted down the dark decline.
O brother, who shall say where are the nine?

O tell us, Mulkey, Smith and Brown and Jones,
And you, and *you*, for whom these names shall stand,
Who "prophesy on valleys of dry bones,"
As you are going much o'er sea and land,
Does it e'er come to you that Christ demands
Why count them saved by faith who *sign a card*
Or for the birth from heaven hold up their hands?
Repentance's wormwood cup they find too hard,
Grieving alike the world and Christ divine,
Why say that they are cleansed? "Where are the nine?"

Sensation subjects oft, when called, will go
Like seed in stony wayside places sown,

Say they a hope of heaven so fain would know.
Yet when the blare of trumpetry has flown,
No more is known of them, except each time
The call was made, *the choir to sing a song,*
They came and gave their hands, like saying rhymes,
Went back to come again from out the throng,
Each time were counted "saved!" Methods supine!
So making one count ten! Are these the nine?

This ringing question ever onward goes,
Defining those who name His name, but then
From evil take no final leave, and those
Who praise and glory give to God, as when,
With heart of gratitude, the leper came,
The one alone, of those for help had cried,
Daring to be alone and own His name,
Nor from the scoffing throng would try to hide;
Where are the nine, in count so multiplied?
They are not found, though searched for, far and wide.

The faithful, plodding pastor's list of ten
Of whom but one to glorify his God,
Was found, though quest was made by tongue and pen,
Abating not in paths supposed they trod,
Is seen uncancelled oft, till in despair
He cried, "they said that ten were cleansed, so wrote
And said to go and you would find them there;
"But oh," as on his breast and brow he smote,

"They are not found," enough to make the heart repine,
"They said that ten were cleansed, where are the nine?"

What will your answer be, in that great day,
When Christ shall ask again, "Where are the nine
You counted out, so loud, with such display,
Repentant sinners saved by grace divine?"
The bugle call to arms to fight for right
In times of sorest need brought no reply;
When you were gone they, too, were lost to sight;
If e'er enrolled they did their colors fly!
Was it for name or gain, O soul of thine,
You counted one for ten? "Where are the nine?"

TO REV. I. N. CRUTCHFIELD.

My dear good brother Ike, sweet mem'ry's Muse
Is hov'ring o'er me now with quiv'ring wing,
And I would feel condemned should I refuse
Through shrinking, timid fear to write and sing
Of those sweet days and years long past and gone,
When o'er our ev'ry path the guild of hope
Was shining brightly still, and leading on
To where the door of perfect bliss should ope.

My theme may seem to others commonplace:
But oh, to me indeed how weird and strange
The scenes which mem'ry brings,—and face to face
With them I stand, no power to make a change

Where kindness halted and our love fell down:
  And life, half valued, sometimes used so ill,
Calls me to meet its mingled smile and frown,
  While thoughts of by-gone years, my senses fill.

Through many a thorny way we've walked together
  And many a rose-grown path we've followed, too;
Our sighs and sorrows all have formed a tether
  By which my soul till death is bound to you,
For ev'ry fibre of your soul was true,
  By all the lights that shone from childhood up,
As needle to the Pole—as skies are blue,—
  So you refused to take dark falsehood's cup.

You did not seek your own, but others' good;
  In ev'ry strait you proved both true and brave;
For what was right and just you ever stood,
  And rather than receive you always gave.
Ah true, the world well knows,—they always do—
  If self is sought through them, not them for
And by some sign, if men are false or true, [Heav'n,
  They know by some strange ken which God has
    giv'n.

I wonder if the open, sure reward,
  Which Jesus promised those who pray alone,
The door well shut, their secret thus to guard,
  Was what once on the face of Moses shone?

And is this how you won the love of men?
  And is this why along your backward track
They always ask and call for you again?
  And is this why they often want you back?

No one, with blame or wonder, will, I ween,
  Look on this tribute which a brother's pen
Hath traced in love, for one who e'er has been
  So true to ev'ry trust reposed in men:
And e'er in patience bore through all the day
  The burden and the heat, and winter's cold,
"Faint, yet pursuing" followed in the way,
  To reach the land whose glories are untold!

TREASURES OF MEMORY.

When my reluctant feet shall turn at last and go,
To parting ways have come—the stream's dividing flow,
And I come back no more along these paths to stray,
With such exultant joy no more to come this way,
Fond mem'ry yet again shall group these scenes so dear
With friends first met, *always so kind*, and felt so near.

These mountains, hills and vales, ever sunny and bright,
Shall make a vision, never more to take its flight;
Nor leave its own sweet shelter, in this heart of hearts,

Till life shall pass, or reason from its throne departs;
And all the long and varied race of life is run,
And all the compass of my work is o'er and done.

In visions of the night, in passing thoughts by day,
As far hence I wander a-down time's ebbing way,
I'll see these friends again, whose hearts were always kind,
E'er hoping, still *beyond,* these faces all to find!
And beck'ning light of hope o'er my path is shining,
And around new scenes my heart's love is entwining;

As leads its way to go, from all these loved places,
And room is found, aye, to receive glad new faces;
But then no place nor name, nor eye of love that beams,
Though I should find ideal, true, of all my dreams;
And Isles of Eldorado, sweet, at last were found,
Shall e'er estrange my heart from these to which 'tis bound.

TO WAYNE.

I wonder if it will come back in Heav'n
The lustrous beam of your sweet love-lit eye,
Like sheen of stars that deck the skies at even
When all the golden hours of daylight fly,
As they oft turned to me in days gone by
In pleading looks, as words that fain would speak,

When disappointment then would make you cry,
Or gladness dry your little eye and cheek,
Your face then all aglow—so sweet and mild,
When you were then a little baby child.

I wonder if they'll all come back in Heav'n—
Those sweet angelic traits which marked your ways
Long years ago when you to us were given
Behind the years where childhood often strays,
With all we hoped for you, and dreamed and prayed;
And 'bout your life that love enkindling flame
As on our breast and all around you played
Before the hour for sleep in kindness came—
When back to our "good-night" you sweetly smiled,
When you were then our little baby child.

I wonder if in Heaven I'll hear that plea
They said you made when I had gone away:
"My loving papa how I wish to see,
And with him now I want to romp and play,"
Ere balmy sleep your little eyes beguiled,
And angels placed that smile upon your face,
And dreams had shown you visions weird and wild,
And you were locked in slumber's sweet embrace,
And day was o'er—its merry rounds of joy,
When you were but a little baby boy.

I wonder if 'twill be revived in Heav'n,
The nameless joy your childhood life inspired
By which all shades of doubt away were driven.
A better child were ne'er to be desired,

As faultless as ones the Savior blessed,
And o'er your life there seemed to hang a charm;
Your words and ways of innocence possessed
That seemed a talisman 'gainst earthly harm!
We looked on you as you would brightest toy,
When you were just our little black eyed boy.

I wonder if in Heav'n I'll feel again
The charm your little life held o'er my soul,
Like wooings of some soft and sweet refrain,
Or fairy bells, on Aidenn's isles, that toll,
Which then beguiled the weary days of toil
And bade us heart and hope again to take
(When from life's cares we then would fain recoil)
And live and labor on for your dear sake,—
Though all life's other pleasures yet should cloy—
When you were then a prattling little boy.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

There is a land somewhere, I know,
Beyond the ever deepening rim
That bounds horizon's sunset glow,
Beyond the darkness deep and dim,
Far o'er the rolling ocean wide,
Across the rivers, deep and old,
'Cross the enchanted big divide,
Where searchers went in quest for gold
Where in that fabled haven blest,
The weary sons of earth shall rest.

There is a land somewhere, they say,
  Where all the curtained folds of night
Are lifted, and are drawn away,
  And clouds no more obscure the light;
Where sunshine lingers on the hills,
  And stars in endless beauty shine
And sparkling gems gleam in the rills,
  And noon-tide glories n'er decline,—
Far brighter than the "Eden Earth"
Ere evil came and sin had birth.

There is a land somewhere, that lies
  Beyond the reach of fancy's flight;
A land unseen by mortal eyes,
  Where day ne'er folds its wings of light.
No splendor of the "morning's beams,"
  Nor harps by hands of mortals strung,
No visions seen in fairy dreams,
  Nor charms of which the bards have sung;
Have told the glories there, that wait
For those who reach Heaven's golden gate.

TO REV. H. S. SHANGLE.

Some years have come and gone, since side by side,
  In hope and love, we worked together here,
Nor thought how soon our two paths would divide,
  The cord would loose which ever was so dear,
And we should drift apart, to meet, ah well,—
  I know not how nor why, but here again,

Where voiceless songs of hope their notes did swell,
That we should see some day, on hill and plain,
The flowers a-bloom, to make the desert glad,—
"The Wilderness" in vernal beauty clad.

You called, I answered, then,—I heard your voice—
It's been the same, through intervening time,
(Although 'twas hushed to me though not of choice)
My inner ear has heard its rhythmic chime,
For through your life and acts and words, I found
Of manhood's noble stamp the golden thread,—
And by this sign, I knew the tie that bound
Would guide your soul till all your days had fled:
Our hopes, our work, our toils, by grace divine,
Were ever one: "Your joys, my friend, were mine."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

There's something in your look and eye,
And something in your face so fair,
Which, seen so oft, as I passed by,
It told me of a spirit rare,—
A spirit 'neath those beaming eyes,
A soul behind that smiling face,
Akin to those beyond the skies,
Who claim no earthly dwelling place,
E'er watching, waiting faithfully,
From all earth's sorrows to be free.

'Twas something in your voice and mien
Which drew my mind and heart to you,
Which cannot by the eye be seen;
Yet still we knew 'twas not untrue.
Your words were always sweet and kind,
Your voice was always soft and low;
Some way to please you'd try to find;
I felt when I had turned to go,
I'd seen in bloom a rare sweet flower
Whose home was in some Heavenly bower.

'Tis not the eye that's black or blue,
Nor locks of wavy golden hair,
Which wrought the cord that binds to you;
Nor yet the features fine and fair;
But ways and words and accents sweet,
And works of lovely tender hands,
And velvet steps of active feet,
To meet what duty e'er commands.
May many stars your crown array,
When you awake in endless day!

Some day we'll meet where flowers bloom
In fadeless beauty far away,
Where night has yielded all its gloom
To one eternal glorious day,
And there again we may renew
The sweet communion of a day,—
Esteem that with fond friendship grew,
Will turn to love and burn for aye,
When earth's exchanged for heaven and rest,
That's found alone on Jesus' breast.

A stranger though, I hail you well,
And pray that flowers may ever grow
About the home where you shall dwell,
Nor you the sting of thorns may know.
But may your lovely face and eye,
In some sweet morning then awake,
When storms of life have all passed by,
And day's eternal dawn shall break,
When you have run your mortal race,
And see the Savior "face to face."

THE PYRAMIDS.

They ask me how the Pyramids were made,
Those monuments of some yet unknown skill,
By what Titanic power those stones were laid,
Which all the ages still with wonder fill:
While through contiguous ages, lands and climes,
By search, no trace has yet been found, or aught
Of that strange skill unknown to modern times,
By which that Cyclopean work was wrought.

No crane nor derrick now outlives decay,
No strange dynamic force as then applied;
No lofty hoist to grapple lift and lay
Those wondrous, massive stones there, side by side,
Till far outside the reach of foot or hand,
To rest in mystery deep, till crumbling doom
Unlocks the secrets of both sea and land,
And both shall pass away no more have room.

When earth, as man's abode, was in its youth,
Methinks I see more than a million men,
In relays working night and day, forsooth,
A causeway building, such as ne'er had been,
From quarries far away, a vast incline,
Up which these cumbrous stones were drawn and laid,
As though 'twere work of hands none but divine,
And for a seplucher for Kings was made.

I looked again, and saw, as tier on tier
Those stones were laid, the earth was raised abreast
By busy hands, drawn up from far and near,
Till every stone in proper place did rest.
And then those workmen, strong of limb, again
Replaced the earth, far out, as 'twas before,
The Pyramids to undisturbed remain,
The mystery of mysteries, till time's no more.

I seem to hear them say that "ages on,
The world will think to us the gods came down,
And by their help these mighty works were done,
And for earth's greatest work we'll wear the crown,
The secret shall with us yet die untold,
By whom, for what, and how this work was done.
A speechless silence shall the mystery hold,
While time's abraiding storms and years beat on."

TO MILTON.

Just ten and seven years ago,
  Among the pines and groves of fir
Where summer breezes softly blow
  And beaut'ous birds on swift wings whir;
Where nature in the lap of peace
  Seems evermore at perfect rest,
Where hearts from care might find release,
  In leaning on kind nature's breast,
'Twas there your eyes first saw the light
'Mid scenes so rare, 'neath skies so bright!

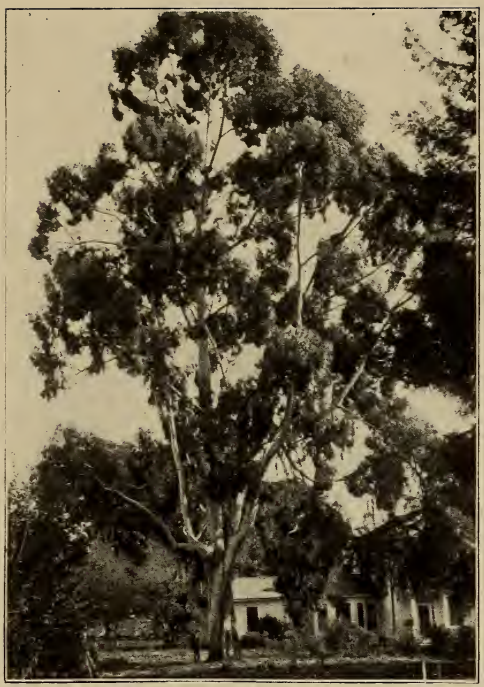
Since then, what changes have been made;
  The hopes which then had form and face
Have passed away in deep'ning shade,—
  Of all, there's left, now but a trace.
O'er mountains capped with summer snow,
  And on the ocean's heaving breast,
In lands where orange blossoms blow,
  In sunny climes of south and west,
Through all, your sun was shining fair,
You've seldom ever known a care.

But now you stand close by the gate,
  Where you must pass young manhood's test,
And you'll be judged then by your gait,
  Your pace, your habits and the rest.
Ah! dangerously near the brink,
  Unwittingly, perhaps, you stand,

And little dream or little think,
  Dame fortune offers her white hand,
Through these momentous years to lead,
If you will to her voice give heed.

No time of life to you like this
  Though you should live three score and ten,
For weal or woe, sorrow or bliss,
  These years will never come again;
But that to which your ears give heed
  Will echo through your soul always,
And what you think and what you read
  Will mark your mind through all your days;
Your company, if you will show
Then what you are, the world will know.

Guard well your steps, your destiny
  Hangs, feebly, on a brittle thread;
To swerve from right, eternity
  Alone will show the issue dread,
But truth, with charming voice, invites
  And beckons to its shining way
And calls from its far dizzy heights
  And kindly warns you ne'er to stray,
Nor heed the Siren songs that woo,
But to yourself and God be true.



TO MY PLAYMATES. [15]

One day late in September
E'er Winter days had come,—
The time I well remember,—
Then sick and in my room
My heart was sad and lonely,
My body racked with pain,
I wondered then if only,
In Heaven my health I'd gain.
In my window fragrant flow'rs,
With perfume, rare and sweet,
All through the weary hours
My senses oft did greet.

My thoughts went back to childhood
When life was always gay,
And roaming through the wildwood
I gathered flowers in May,
And from those Sylvan bowers,
To mother, kind and true,
I would carry all my flowers
And say, "These are for you."
I love to think of days gone by
And you, my playmates dear,
We seldom knew a passing sigh—
Ne'er shed deep sorrow's tear.

Beneath the shade of apple trees
That bloomed so sweet in Spring,
W'd list to humming of the bees
And songs the birds would sing;

The garden walks, the orchard shade
Our play place in the lane,
And little houses which we made—
We'll ne'er see them again.
What changes since those days have come!
My girlhood years are told—
A little girl is in my home
And she is four years old.

She helps so much my life to cheer,
She is so sweet and mild,
Will God a mother's prayers still hear
For help to raise her child?
Her childish voice I often hear,
Her heart overflows with glee,
And then she sings so soft and clear
"Rock of Ages Cleft for Me;"
And as she goes through life's rough way
And billows round her roll,
Oh, may she watch and ever pray
To God to save her soul.

YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

"Be sure your sin will find you out,"
Of this let no one ever doubt.
Dark caves with all their cavern gloom,
And paths that lead to each dark room,
A tangled web, obscure and dim,
Lead to detection sure and grim,

Nor ever yet one secret crypt
Will be of covering yet unstript,
The hiding place of guilt and sin,
Pursuer's footsteps awful din
Are heard within its sombre walls,
It is avenger now that calls!
No honeyed words of sweetest sound,
No track e'er made upon the ground,—
No look that seemed to dance with love,
With evil lusts behind that move;
And sordid self concealed with art
'Neath guise of truth from out the heart;
Nor crafty cargoes of deceit
That e'er deluded eyes did meet;
Nor fakir's fads of countless mould,
"Of which the half was never told,"
Their evils ah! of many fold,
Their Book of tales the world to hold,
The world itself should be enlarged,
Or expert scribes at once discharged:
And heart-wrung tears, that flow amain
Because relief comes not again;
And direful sorrow's long-drawn train
Arise from lies that flow like rain,
From tongues aflame with love of gold,
That worst of evils, long foretold,
Will e'er escape detection's light—
The light that shines in darkest night!
And then some printings of the press,—
My soul is held in dire duress
As o'er its pages oft I glance,

And question safety of advance,
Lest reason loose its long-felt poise,
To see the good that it destroys,
As line on line, from day to day,
Which wear at last a stone away.
Till they themselves believe a lie
Beneath its Upas shadow die
And fall at last, in the sad rout,
When sin's dark forces found them out.
The oath that's sworn on sacred book,
On which recording Angels look,
With *sign* and *seal,* made ever fast,
Till God in judgment calls at last,
If yet to gain some covet greed,
Or guilty culprit may be freed,
Or venom spleen may find its rest,
In wounds within some other's breast;
Or hide some shame suspicioned traced,
That would not, could not be erased,
And though detection's light to flout
They aimed, their sins shall find them out!
No mimic virtue ever shown
Like nightshade stalks o'er which were thrown
Some golden habits, diamond gemmed,
With dazzling laces had been hemmed,
To those who look on things without
Would seem all pure beyond a doubt!
While down beneath sepulchral rot
More livid grows the leper's spot!
And rankling weeds of lust and sin,
And raging hellish fires within,

Are ever moving to and fro
Vibrating e'er to human woe,
Till dark deception's tangled web—
Till all the years of flow and ebb—
The tides of life have come and gone,
Enmeshing threads then one by one,
Can e'er escape that searching Eye,
Beneath whose ban all sin shall lie:
Albeit, not till that great day
When Christ shall come with grand array
Of Angels, who with happy shout
From those whose sins have found them out,
In light of judgment poured around
His own elect shall all be found,
The blood-washed throng made white and fair
Shall meet and greet him in the air.
No gauzy pretense of God's fear,
That often falls upon the ear
While many words a cloud o'erthrows
To make believe, for no one knows,
And no one yet allowed to say
Lest he be judging ere the day
That he be judged by that same rule
The way through plain, that e'en a fool
Knows thistles ne'er on fig trees grow
And bitter waters never flow
From founts that sweetest waters bring—
The two from one can never spring;
Nor grapes in clusters ever found
On thorn trees growing all around;
For God who sees and not as men

Shall take this veil that hides from ken
Of mortal eyes, cast it aside—
Between the good and bad divide,
The secrets of all hearts reveal,
That sin cannot at last conceal
Though posing oft, in dazzling light
Will drag at last to darkest night!
No gambling den for gain upbuilt
Though this the lesser of the guilt,
Of those who sat in cushioned chairs
And license gave with lordly airs,
To open doors to passers by,—
To ways of death pursuasions ply
Till souls engulfed and ruined—lost
And hell is bought at fearful cost
By those who yield and fall and lie,
Awaiting boonful day to die!
The cost, let those who keep the books
Compute the cost of thieves and crooks
Who learned their trade, like they had learned
To get their gain though others burned.
The money pile no other sight
In brightest day or darkest night
For them such dazzling splendor held,
Nor boot that conscience oft rebelled.
No civic greed that shambles build
And all its gaudy mansions guild,
And sell the souls within its gates
For prices fixed by thinking pates,
And rasp the edge off truth that lies
Behind each noble enterprise.

That man or men can open bid
The tempters, and themselves be rid
Of that foul blight that none escape,
Though hiding under "crimson tape."
My brother's keeper, no, not I.
No life he chose, then let him die.
I gave him chance to hold aloof
(Though few 'gainst these, are ever proof)
Nor enter doors of vice and sin
(Though thousands voices asked him in)
And odors that enslave the sense
Their fumes wide open doors dispense;
That he might look at me, and see,
No gambling drunkard e'er might be:
That I bet on the chance that more
Like these might pay to open door,
And thus our riches still increase;
What matters if they too shall fleece
The crying hungry child of bread,
And clothes they strip of every thread
And they in squalid alleys lurk
Too small and feeble yet to work;
And fleeced and drunken fathers come
Through wind and sleet and rain and snow
To where, and what, but God can know!
To where perchance, last sparks contend,
Like demons in his soul that rend
The passions wild are fighting still
For the last coal and bitter chill
Of night, and drunken father, meet
Compared with which e'en death were sweet!

But charities will sure attend,
Nor duty e'er neglect, to mend;
Nor fail to furnish them with bread
And clothes 'gainst Winter cold and dread.
The preachers, although penny paid,
Will surely not withhold *their aid*
Even though contagion, shame and death
Be ever mingled with their breath.
But to the Council let them dare
To come and ask us to be fair,—
Not bid for shame and death and hell
In marts where these are kept to sell
And thus confront us with the fact
This tell-tale vade mecum tract
That this is but the trade we made
Whose curse at our own door is laid:
The credit side the money gain,
The debit side the souls we've slain:
We'll "scourge them back"—their pay withhold
And keep them still, with sheen of gold,
If this shall fail, we'll stop our ears
And cast away our moral fears,
The rabble load with franchise stone
And "hold their clothes" the work till done.
But God, some day, will rise in might
So sure as men have spurned the light
And moulded many beggars, ill,
And will drag them down the same "steep hill,"
And those who gambled in high life
Will feel their pupils' sharpened knife.

The penny slot, and throwing dice,
The "euchre" game though thought "so nice,"
Will prove Lanistae training school,
And pupils will the masters rule.
Denied the books of thinking high,
Denied the hours, to read, that fly,
That on returnless wing are gone:
Asking for bread, they got a stone.
In grime of sweat and tired of limb
No time for aught, but sigh to Him,
Their minds will turn to Nature's sense—
Avaunt foul sophistry from hence,
Aladdin lamps to light their way,
They'll see the "golden fleece," and day.
Demand of hands of men the truth,
Nor take the smoke for fire, forsooth,
The "jack with lantern" wisp and all,
The "grand stand plays," alike shall fall,
For God's eternal vengeance sword
They'll hold aloft, as in His word
Is told of Armageddon's rout,
Their sins at last shall find them out.

THE CHILD OF MY FRIENDS.

You tell of the flowers that bloom in the dale,
And roses which fringe the bright flowing stream,
The sweet quiet scenes that gild the far vale
With mellowing shade and bright sunny gleam;

And songs of sweet birds in echoing dells,
  And murmuring brooks which laugh as they go;
And grottos and caves where the wood nymph dwells
  And russet leaves falling where zephyrs blow—
E'er worthy of these may her life e'er be,
The child of my friends, "The Maid o' Dundee."

You speak of gilt trappings of wealth and ease;
  The mansions where dwell great fortune's glad heirs;
The cargoes that come in ships over seas
  To whom the world's gifts are offered as theirs;
And purses of gold and diamonds that shine,
  With artful adornings which dazzle the eye,
Fit gifts as of worship to those divine
  Attracting the gaze as they are passing by,
But dearer still may her life ever be
To all who shall know "The Maid o' Dundee."

TO BERNICE HEARE.

Your father says that you today are twenty-one,
Your manhood life today has just begun;
And that for over two decades, your active feet
Have pressed the busy walks of life through lane and street
Till now you stand mature at manhood's threshold gate
To enter out upon its new and grand estate.
His ardent hopes for you, he will not try to tell
The love and joy that now within his bosom swell!

And too, he says, from childhood up, no better boy
E'er yet has filled a father's heart with pride and joy;
In upright ways you ever showed your heart was
right.
You have pursued your course with constant manly
might,
And home was always doubly dear 'cause you were
there
For e'er about your life there was a quiet air
Which on your parents' hearts threw an abiding
charm
And kept the fires of hope and love e'er bright and
warm.

He says you live and love and always tell the truth,
That first and noblest, grandest ornament of youth;
The passage of the camel through the needle's eye,
Reform by those who learned to love and tell a lie
Than which the first by far is easier than the last,
For this is shown by all the history of the past
This task impossible *you'll* never have to do.
Dear boy, you could not, would not, prove yourself
untrue.

Ah! Bernice, you perhaps may never fully know
Until you pass beyond this darksome world below,
How oft your loving father's heart, through days of
gloom
Has borne you up, nor in his heart of hearts your
room

Was ever vacant for a single day or hour,
Lest you should yield to some delusive evil power
And close your youthful eyes to dangers lurking nigh,
And miss the goal and prize,—a home beyond the sky.

WORK FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

An Irony

Let all those men, so wise and true and good,
Repeal and set aside—make null and void
Those rules of life, for which all Methodists have stood,
So simple, pure and true, and unalloyed;
And in their stead enact some "up to date."
Take out that Supplement "Bishop's Address,"—
And in some catch-purse language formulate
(Nor leave the worldly Preacher in duress)
Some rules by which both mammon's cloak, with ease,
Alike, with robes of righteousness, are worn,
And man may satan and the flesh then please,
And who will know the odds till Judgment morn?

'Tis better, don't you say, to have no church
Than one whose rules the members ne'er obey,
But by their lives, its name and fame besmirch?
Take down the bars, and let them have their way!
Is it not true they say, the world's all right,
If you'll come at them right and tell them how

To brandish their big purse and jewels bright?
Then at the door they'll come and take a vow
Which may be kept, or never paid, at all,
Go in and out at some back door by stealth,
Till some dread day, or night, there comes a call,
To find all gone—religion, conscience, health!

Let them enact an ex-post-facto law
To cover cases where the preacher was afraid—
Did little else than try to find a flaw
In what was proof of guilt (the toady played)
And thus a party to their sin became;
And, like the Priest in days of old, so weak,
That when o'er them there hung a cloud of shame,
Said "nothing good of you, my sons, they speak,"
Until the storm with gathered fury broke,
And o'er the land the fires of evil burned
And all the house of Eli felt the stroke,
Because the day for action had been spurned.

And let them pass a law—nor let them fail,
There is a case in point, you know, no doubt,
Who 'gainst e'en dignities would speak and rail,—
With Orthodoxy's self would take a bout!
"To do some independent thinking," dare
To tread where even angels would not go,
Lest speech like that of Balaam's beast make bare,
Impugning errors which some men don't know:
And thus some legal sanction give to that strange cult,
Which lets a man think wrong; but *wound up tight*
And keyed, they think some good may then result!
Mechanic virtues by constraint, all right! ! !

And will it not be well if they repeal
That law well understood, and writ so large,
Which calls it crime, and makes the blood congeal,
When in some scurril screed men make a charge,
And through the Godless press go vent their spleen
And call on judges all unjust and vile,
To print, that everywhere it may be seen
How near the devil's own they are in guile?
Else uncondemned, how can some hope to be,
Unless they do as only *manly men* will do
And from the incubus of sin be free,
In pardon's sweet release their souls renew.

E'en though complaints are just—things hard to bear,
Shall poor ungodly drunkard, thief and tough
Be fed on our mistakes, as viands rare,
As though we meant to save them by such stuff?
By schisms in the church will they be saved?
Will wrangling in the courts of the unjust
Bring to them peace of mind, they may have craved
And point to treasures far from eating rust?
If so let creeds and canons, rules and laws
And all that heart and hope have ever known
Be given to the winds as chaff and straws,
And darkness fall where light of hope has shone!

The adversary now is in the way,
Make haste and with him be at peace,
Nor wait, O brother, yet another day,
Lest you from prison never get release!

"Agree" and "quickly" go and make amends—
Turn "other cheek," "give cloak" for "mile" go
"twain,"
Nor mock the one who to the borrower lends
And gives, expecting nothing back again,
For these are steps which lead the way to Heaven,
And here the "needle's eye" through which to go;
And these the plain commands which Christ has given,
And by these fruits all men His servants know.

SOME DAY.

Some day, it may be soon, when I am dead,
My spirit from its prison-house has fled,
And unused scenes about the home have come,
And vacant stillness takes my place and room,
My faults will then, perhaps, not seem so great,
To tell me so, it then will be too late:
A chance for tender kindness to be shown,
On its returnless wing, forever flown;
And o'er my lifeless form the shroud is spread,
You may regret some things you did and said.

Some day, when I am gone to come no more,
Ne'er come and go, as oft I've done before,
Must seek 'mid other scenes to find a home,
Am like a wanderer, compelled to roam,
To go in exile from the ones I love,
Still singing as I go, like mourning dove,

To soothe the wounds of fate, which drove away
My heart—made it repine o'er hope's decay—
You may, in light of conscience glowing red,
Regret, in anguish deep, some things you said.

Some day, when you with cruel, cold neglect,
Have taught my soul to nothing more expect;
And ev'ry turn in life is shadowed with doubt,
The light of fondest hopes, at last, gone out,—
With hope for you I may no more look up
But to my lips must place the bitter cup,
You may yet see, while life prolongs its light,
The one you scorned and spurned away, was right;
And then in vain all rueful tears were shed
For cruel words you said—when I am dead.

Some day, when something makes you feel the sting
I feel, and sorrows deep your own heart wring,
And life is seen in other, truer, light;
And clouds have lifted, which obscured the right,
You call for me, who e'er obeyed your beck
To go, ne'er yet had felt one selfish check;
Was hungry oft, that you should hunger not,
Ill-clad and cold, but you were ne'er forgot;
God spare you then, the thought, your arrows sped
On poisoned words that kill—when I am dead.

Some day, when fires of youth have burned away
The dross which dulls the gold of mortal clay,
And creeping age has cooled the fiery blood
Of thoughtless life, on-rushing, like a flood;

And life is weighed in that unerring scale
And many cheeks become, then, blanched and pale,
While spite and selfishness no refuge give—
No place to die, no motive then to live—
The tares which I have sown, oh, harvest dread!
Will you be crying, then—when I am dead?

"THE RICH MAN DIED AND WAS BURIED."[16]

When Jesus preaching on the Mount
  Long years and centuries ago
The truth of which, and the account,
  But few dispute, the records show,
And spake as never man had spoke
  In words with no uncertain sound,
Delusion's spell of ages broke,
  Announcing life's true way as found,
In which to walk from sin aloof,
  And what to think, and how to act,
That men the world might give the proof
  That they were trusting Him, in fact,
For all that mortal life shall need,
  And in divergeless paths, each day,
In hope of that immortal meed
  And Crown, that none can take away,
Were walking still by faith—and sight,
  Nor eye nor hand, offending, keep,
Should they deny His Kingdom's right
  Till life shall end in its last sleep,
When Celtic priest of great renown,
  Threw off his Sacerdotal gown,

These truths recorded ages on,
  Declared to men the night was gone,
That now, as erst, men should repent
  No sembled righteousness' parade,
Nor fame, this truth could circumvent,
  For this unchanging law was made.
The Oxford students, searching deep,
  For truth o'er which a mist was thrown,
Found that the world was half asleep,
  Nor saw through faith the light that shone
From Calvary's mount, the full-orbed sun
  That shines along the path of those
Who do His will, their race, till run,
  Shall die in peace in Heaven repose,
From labor rest, and faith and love,
  Shall follow on, with works that will
Shine on for men to lead above,
  Till cycling wheels of time are still.
And all the countless multitude
  Of those for whom the world no worth
Had proved—so cold, ungrateful, rude,
  They counted them unfit for earth,
Have closed their eyes in lasting sleep,
  Their seal of faith in Him, and hope
Who o'er their dust His vigils keep,
  Till on His glorious form they ope,
While living millions voices cry,
  And answer back that sweetest song
"We're saved by faith," and work and try
  To watch and join the blood-washed throng.

When Luther struck the ponderous blow,
Which broke the dark and dismal chain
That fettered souls once more might go,
And liberty of conscience gain,
To seek, and worship God in truth,
And conscious pardon feel for sin,
And once again renew their youth
And feel the reigning Christ within.
No mortal mind could then divine
The twentieth century's dawning light
Some men would stubbornly decline
And grovel on in darkest night;
Nor was it thought that boon would scorn,
Some Pharisaic men, who live,
Nor wist they must again be born.
From death and hell to find reprieve.
But if we dare believe our ears
And credit what our eyes have seen
A mighty change there now appears,
And things are not as they have been.
For now a man may scorn the church,
Reject its Author all his life,
Deem faith in Christ far in the lurch,
Compared with evolution's strife,
With all the foolish fads that cling,
To that false doctrine and the school,
That sends its skeptic venomed sting
At those who prize the golden rule:
Nor pray to God, nor own His law,
Nor sins repent, nor ways amend,

But in His book search out some flaw,
  By this is known unto his end!
But then he is possessed of wealth,
  Of social standing, grand and fair,
The preachers drawn by some strange stealth
  Are led to see a spirit rare—
Fit to enter the pearly gate,
  (Of which the churches ask too much)
Who ne'er in life the one that's strait
  Had sought, or strove to pass, as such!
What then shall these men answer Him,
  When in the judgment halls they come,
Where doubt and darkness never dim,
  Why they have dared to preach that some
Who never deigned repentant tear
  To show, or yet sweet counsel take
With those who walked with God in fear,
  And strove His laws to never break,
Should be proclaimed as *gone to Heaven,*
  Yet all their lives denied His name,
And never sought to be forgiven;
  Nor then when life's last hours came?
Is this long train of mourners here
  To hear denied that God requires
The life and heart of him in fear—
  Must all be giv'n when one aspires
To gain that Heaven of peace and rest,
  Confessing Him before all men;
Without which none can e'er be blessed—
  Showing that they've been born again?

No fear of God, repentance true,
Of change of life, no proof has given,
Rejected Christ his life all through
And yet they preach him into heaven!

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

* * *

When Jehu ordered Jezebel
To be cast down to dogs of hell,
Her bones that canine teeth might gnaw,
He ne'er forgot that noble law,
That gives a place among the dead,
To those from whom the soul has fled,
Be she the "Daughter of a King"
Or those with them no honors bring,
The last inheritance of love—
That last and only treasure-trove,
Awarded those who live and die,
Whatever paths behind may lie!
A place of sepulchre awaits,
Through many multiples of gates,
All those who run this mortal race,
In glorious hope or in disgrace,
It is a duty held in trust,
To give them back again to dust:
To weep with them that weep the most,
Nor less, if still the soul is lost,
O'er whom the cry is weird and strange,
Because 'twas given in exchange
For life that was with all its pride
"Up to the very night it died!"

THE BURIAL OF LITTLE MERRITT BLACK.[17]

We come to bury out of sight
A sweet and "cherub child" so bright
In life, whose short and passing day
Spread rays of sunshine every way,
And wrought a chord whose breaking thread
Has brought a sorrow deep and dread:
He came to live in light and love,
Then passed so soon to heaven above.

But should deep sorrow mourn him long?
His stammering tongue now sings the song
Of that dear Savior, long ago
Who blessed and said, "Let it be so—
That children come in life to me
Then in my kingdom e'er to be
And live till earth and death are done
Then see my Father on His throne."

Before we brought him here to rest
He fell upon the Saviour's breast,
And as death settled on his face
He sped to that immortal place
Where sunshine of an endless day
Gives joy that never fades away,
When tears and partings all are passed
In Heaven's eternal rest at last.

Then dry your tears, compose the pall,
And listen to the Savior's call.

Nor mourn like those that have no hope
And ever in the darkness grope,
But look away to that sweet day
Released from prison and from clay
We'll meet him at the gate ajar
If we for heaven ourselves prepare.

Oh do not wish him back again
To run this dismal dusty lane
Along which serpents hiss aloud,
O'er which oft hangs a darksome cloud
And doubtful labor sweat begrimed
With which deep heartaches oft are timed,
And piercing thorns bestud the way
Through all of life to its last day.

O, let him sleep beneath the sod,
His spirit found its way to God,
Has joined that purest, whitest throng
That never knew, and did no wrong.
O, how these words now echo long;
No wrong, the theme of Angels' song!
He'll see no more the ways of sin,
Where tempters wait to lead them in.

He'll never hear the ribald jest
At those who talk of Heaven's rest;
Nor stumble over those who fain
Heaven's eternal house to gain,

While all their golden days they give,
In all life's wicked follies live,
And only say sometimes, "Lord, Lord!"
But never try to keep his word.

Nor ever see the scalding tear
Of those who go behind the bier,
Of those who weep in deepest woe,
Because deceased no Christ did know
Nor see that strangest phase of life
That marks this world of sin and strife
That men will spend their lives in sin
Yet think a home in heaven to win.

And now a fond and long adieu;
We bid our little friend so true
And pure, as last we saw his face
So smiling and so full of grace!
Will he be waiting at the gate
When life is run at this poor rate
To welcome us, with parents too,
When we have run the race all through?

The Savior sure will see we came,
Our hearts with sympathy aflame
To plant the flowers that fade and die,
While fadeless flowers bloom in the sky,
And that we all from this sad day
Will try to lead a better way
And reach that kingdom that shall be
Made up of only such as he.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE.[18]

In writing verse for you, Miss A,
I scarcely know just what to say.
'Tis true my verse is aimed to meet
Some fancy for a token sweet,
To keep in mind these passing days
And fan true friendship's fervent blaze,
And sing of it in rhyme and verse,
Compared with which no golden purse
Such treasures hold for years to come
As the sweet memories of your home.

But could I weave a chaplet fair,
All clothed in language quaint and rare,
Then it would be so commonplace
Compared with sunshine on your face,
And smiles of welcome, free from art,
Their source from deep within your heart
In sun, or rain, in clouds or night—
Your gentle face always so bright—
At home, abroad, or come, or go,
The same true self, that all can know.

That beaming eye that ne'er in scorn
Was turned away from one forlorn,
But seems to show the purest soul
That has in view immortal goal,
And sees the way that leads beyond,
To worlds so fair, of dreams so fond;
Enamored of the purest thought;
And moved by this your hands have wrought,

Till loving welcome everywhere,
So glad, awaits your coming there.

But dearer still, is what the home
The truest, best, beneath the dome
Of God's pure heaven, of it is told,—
More charming still than stories old,—
Of gentle words and looks of love,
Of hands that help, and feet that move
To bless that dearest place on earth;
The place where character has birth
And growth, to life and light divine,
Round which the sweetest memories twine.

A FRAGMENT.

On the death of the little son of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Forline.

WRITTEN, JANUARY, 1878.

* * *

His few days were numbered—his soul heard the knell,
He's with his little sister, sweet Ella Bell.

Their forms though far from each other are sleeping,
And over their dust the angels are keeping
Their watches, till the morn of glory shall dawn—
"The veil of the covering" forever is drawn,

They'll reck not the world's dark storms and commotion,—
Their souls together in peace, o'er the ocean;
But oft they are present, your sorrows to quell—
The lost little Bennie and sweet Ella Bell.

'Twas a feeling of sadness I couldn't repress,
When I saw the last time his little pale face;
And thought of your watching, the long nights through
If aught would ever give a token to you,
Or through the long hours a sweet promise would give,
The child should return to your bosom and live;
I sighed in my heart with a feeling of dread
For words I might hear, "little Bennie is dead."

An angel was sent to gather some flowers,
The gems that seemed best from earth's blooming bowers,
A chaplet anew for the Savior to weave;
A flower of life's morning—though fond hearts should grieve,
Little Bennie was one from a land far down
In the path of the Sun—another full blown
In the evening of life (in less than a day)
Were gathered to bloom in a clime far away.

The hand of the Lord does so heavily rest,
And we think it is hard, the ones we love best,
With hopes that we cherished should fade in a night,
Forever on earth be lost to our sight.

Though the ties of this life be severed in twain,
Don't sigh without hoping to find all again;
But list to the voice o'er the dark waters drear,
"No sorrows nor sighings are ever known here."

Scenes less important in mem'ry may darken,
And to their mementos we may not hearken;
But faces of loved ones, though all else should fade,
Will linger in brightness to life's last decade.
The thought that afar, o'er the cold dark river,
Past the uncertainties of life they're ever,
Brings shades of sweet quiet, hushing all sorrow,
And dreams of rest and an unfading morrow.

TO FRIENDS ON THE STAKED PLAINS.

Our parting day has come at last,
No more I'll find a home with you;
The golden hours have hurried past
On eagles' wings, so fast they flew.
The time has come when I must say
To you I've learned to love so well,
Good-bye,—nor will the moments stay.
How I'll miss you no words can tell.

You tried so oft, nor yet in vain,
The kindest hand to stretch in aid,
As when, o'erwhelmed with grief and pain
My head was on your pillows laid.

And when it seemed that kindness all
The gamut of its work had run,
Some word, yet more, or smile would fall,
As though its work had just begun.

Oh! can I hope to e'er repay,
Or yet in lines like these to show
The gratitude that wakes my lay,
The lasting debt I e'er shall owe?
While I can only say good-bye,
And turn in tears from each dear face
To paths I know not where shall lie;
To go in slow or hurried pace.

But when my feet shall turn and go
No more to pass this fertile plain,
My eyes these scenes no more shall know,
My heart shall wander back again
To homes where love-light used to shine
And hands in which sweet friendship's chord
Was ever felt when clasped in mine
As plainly as if told in word.

Yet on the page of memory, sweet,
As oft its leaves I'm culling through,
There will be none my soul to greet
With softer touch than that of you,—
The friends so dear, new-made and old,
I found upon this far-off plain,
Mid scenes so like some land of gold,
Oh when and where to meet again?

I WISH.

I wish I had some way to tell
Just how it is, and why 'tis true,
That some who on this planet dwell,
Beneath the stars and skies of blue,
Would rather cast a crown away,
And grovel on o'er rocky road,
Than travel in the King's highway
That leads to life, fair fame and God.

I wish I knew and could divine
Why man a sordid life will live,
Will fall at degradation's shrine,
And place himself beyond reprieve—
Will waste the sunny hours of life,
Nor catch the moments as they pass
All with immortal honors rife,
Till sands have sped from out the glass.

I wish that some fair muse would tune
My lay, enrich my thought and speech;
And thus bequeath to me the boon
For those who ask this truth to teach;
That they who spurn the golden chair
And ride in reckless driving car,
And build their castles in the air,
Will stand at last on ruin's bar.

I wish I knew 'twere but a dream
Like those when we awake depart;
Leave shadows from a passing gleam
Of what, if true, would break our heart;

Of those whom least we think to find
  Along all ways of life, do fall
By playing loss and gain at blind,
  And cruel deal that loses all.

Not that alone which they possessed
  Which were a purse but filled with trash
Compared with which a king's bequest
  Were firefly glow to lightning flash,—
The light of life or shade of death,
  The footprints that someone will trace,
And say perchance in latest breath,
  I took your steps to make the race.

I wish I had some way to show
  Why some will choose to starve with swine
And much to spare so well they know;
  And clusters there upon the vine;
And fatted calf and ring of gold,
  And anxious feet to run and meet,
And yearning love that's ne'er been told,
  And merry song and dancing feet

Still at the Father's house await
  To welcome their delayed return
Who never reach the golden gate,
  Nor see the genial fires burn;
Nor ever feel the joyful thrill
  That comes to those whose chains are broke;
And all their ransomed senses fill
  When to return they first awoke.

I wish it were within the reach
Of well and truly grounded hope,
That they who live and they who preach
Could cause the gladdened day to ope,
When men should cease to forge the chains
That bind themselves to endless woe,
And know that safety's voice restrains
And cries to them, "No farther go."

SELFISHNESS.

'Twas not a dream; some words fell on my ear;
I wondered then, indeed, if it were true,
In fiction's wildest flight, both far and near,
With every thread of romance to pursue,
Aught stranger than this truth had yet been found;
Oh! would it were but fiction—nothing more—
That some for place and name their souls have bound
In chains, whence they no more may rise and soar.

Nor seem to know since chronicles have run,
Since stars looked down on flaming sword hung low
Where guile's deceptive speech was first begun,
A cloak has yet been wove, that all can't know;
The heart beneath has e'er a hollow sound,
As dismal and drear as Stygian waves;
With words of soft deceit though lips abound
Which oft the unsuspecting soul enslaves.

Still thinking that selfishness can be hid,
E'en more than murder that always will out,—
That concealment will cloak whene'er 'tis bid
With a Judas' kiss the dark cloven foot
Of sordid self love, so cold and so chill,
That whoe'er approach its delusive light,
Freeze like a flower on a snow clad hill
When the warm sun is gone in sudden night.

Thinking e'en one who could dazzle the sight
Was ever loved long with affection true,
Since the stars on pendants were hung out bright,
Or the shores have been laved by billows blue,
In whom the "night shade" of selfishness lives,—
Finds room and root to thrive and grow;
Exhales of vapor while the bosom heaves,
And the heart's love dies with the eyes last glow.

Oh, brother, oh, sister, cast it away;
'Tis the life blight of ages, old and new;
'Tis something that grows, all traditions say,
Where all else fades to a mouldering hue
And kills, like death damp extinguishes light;
As poisonous flowers that stifle the breath;
Which none seek or crave, or covet the sight—
Its presence infection, its touch is death.

THE ONE AND THE OTHER.

A man of Rome spoke in its classic halls,
  His voice was echoed back with loud acclaim,
O'er all the hush of centuries now falls;
  The world has now but fragments of his fame!

A man of Greece with rare persuasive tongue
  Rehearsed and spoke by running brooks,
His praise by all the nation then was sung,
  But now a distant echo in some books.

A MAN of Nazareth without a home,
  Or yet a place on which to lay His head
Spoke by the sea 'neath heaven's arching dome:
  All nations now are asking what He said.

A man of Ninevah made bricks of clay
  Fire-dried and hardened to record his name,
Those bricks, long since, have crumbled to decay,
  And little now is known of all his fame.

A man of Memphis cut his name in stones
  And built them into Temples, Courts and Fanes;
His right to homage now the world disowns,
  Scarce tithe of all his glory now remains.

A MAN of Galilee once wrote in sand,
  Calm-faced and thoughtful, recking not of fame;
The world is waiting now on His command,
  And millions start at mention of His name!

A SONG OF HEAVEN.[19]

O sing to me a song of Heav'n
  When I am weary with life's care,
As oft from place to place I'm driv'n—
  Its Jasper walls and Mansions fair,
With Gates of Pearl and streets of gold
All laid with stones of rarest mould;
And, songs which mortals can not sing
That make all heaven's arches ring.

O sing a song of Heav'n and Home
  When light is fading in the West,
And hours of closing day have come,
  And we from toil are craving rest,
And Sunset burns through crimson bars
Of cloud-land, and the evening stars,
With fairy twinklings, softly call
To where no shadows ever fall.

O sing of Heav'n a glad sweet song
  Of that bright land of "no more sea"
Where live in light the Blood-washed throng,
  And charm my soul with melody,
Till through the mists and lowering sky
I then across the waves descry
Its Sun-bathed clime, and stormless strand,
And mansions never made by hand.

O sing a low sweet song of Heav'n
  When my last sun is sinking fast,

And all earth's ties in twain are riv'n
Till 'bove dark Jordan's roar, at last
I hear the song by seraphs sung,
And harps which angel hands have strung;
And, peering through the gloom I gaze,
Mine eyes shall see "the gates of praise."

TO THE CRUTCHFIELD BROTHERS.

(By Rev. J. Winford Hunt.)

O, sturdy race of valiant men,
With hearts of rugged oak,
Who never quailed or faltered when
Stern duty's call awoke;
O, warrior clan, enlisted in
God's world-wide, holy war;
Who stormed the grim ramparts of sin,
And came off conqueror;

Your hands, so strong to swing the sword.
Were soft to bind and heal;
Your lips that hurled the burning word,
Grew tender in appeal.
Your eyes that blazed with battle light,
As dauntlessly you faced the foe,
Ran o'er with tears, o'er sinners plight
And grief for others' woe.

Those gallant hearts, and valiant, all,
  That blenched not at the fray,
Grew soft and warm at suff'ring's call,
  And sinners gone astray.
And thou, my bard, whose facile pen,
  Honors that noble band,
Accept in this sincerest strain,
  A tribute at my hand.

With vigil long, thy locks grown gray,
  And toil's relentless dole
Has shattered, now, the shrinking clay—
  Yet, still thy deathless soul
Pours forth life's fullest melody.
  We listen and respond:
In blessing us, thrice blessed be—
  Thy crown awaits beyond.

Dedicated to the Crutchfield Brothers. Brave men and faithful ministers of the Gospel. Especially dedicated to the poet.

TO OLD FRIENDS AT DALHART.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thomas.

The friends I've known in other days and years,
With unexpected joy I meet once more,
With some, at parting, we suppressed our tears
Far back in happy, golden days of yore,
We said good bye at parting of the ways:
Nor thought that we, right sure, should meet again,
We prayed for them, all bright and happy days,
Of life the best and Heaven's eternal gain.

The intervening years, oblivion's shade,
Is fast infolding in its dark embrace;
But that mysterious cement friendship made
In those far distant days, naught can efface;
But like the light that leads on pathless seas,
And woos to slumber, restless waves,
Will cheer me on in paths stern fate decrees
Till friendship's earthy works cease in our graves.

Again I bid you, one and all, farewell;
I may—nay likely pass this way no more
Ne'er pass the doors where these loved friends now dwell
But dream and think of them from some far shore,
And live and love, in memory's sweet domain
All o'er again, the unforgotten past;
And wonder if on Heaven's eternal plain
We shall renew our friendships at the last.

SCRAPS.

To you what'er you'd wish that men should do
Do you to them e'en so always the same.
For when you read the law and prophets through
Their ev'ry page is with this truth aflame.
It glowed on pages quaint and hoar and old
Of those who wrote in ages long ago
And oft repeated and so often told,
That all the world its happiness might know.

What if 'twere said by men ere Christ had come—
Many thus had said and spoke and wrote,
Many learned and wise of Greece and Rome
Had said what Jesus deigned to quote?
HE was before them and from HIM they drew
Whate'er of good in counsel wise and great
In all they ever said or wrote or knew
To soothe the wounds of sin or pangs of fate.

THE SLAVE OF HABIT.

My heart's deep tears oft fall like rain,
For those in habit's bondage-chain,
Who writhe in toils of fear and pain,
Nor care that there is life to gain:—
For those who cannot turn and go
From air that breathes of endless woe,—
Are drawn by cords which bind them so,
For why, nor how, they do not know.

My soul and heart are made to bleed
That light, long past, they would not heed,
Till sin and darkness' fearful speed
O'ertook and wrought their ruin dread;
Till chains were forged, with which to rise
And try to reach fair freedom's skies.
They're like the fish whene'er it flies
Sinks down and in the ocean dies.

But far the whitest, ripest field
Eternal issues ever held,
Where, in a midst, where sickles wield,
High, blasted stalks are unconcealed,
Which feel the light, bask in its ray,
Feel the warm SUN around them play,
Absorb the glorious vernal day,
But cast the eternal Son away.

THEIR BIRTHDAY.

Today, just three and twenty years ago,
My dear twin boys first saw the light of day,
And no one knows, but we, how bright the glow
Of this their natal day, shone on our way,
As looking to the years, the happy time
When we should see them in their manhood's prime.

The years have come and gone—in haste have flown,
It seems but yesterday their playing ground
Was on the carpet—round the old hearth-stone,
And to their mother's apron strings were bound:
But now thy're grown-up men, and gone away,
But still as dear to us as on that day.

Through deserts waste, to lands of living green
To lofty mesas high, from which the view
Was like some beaut'ous charming Canaan scene,
They followed us these changing years all through
But parting days, alas! they came at last
And now we live in mem'ries of the past.

We faced with them the coldest winds that blow,
Together ate the frugal meal, when bid by need
Nor why it was not then for them to know
But now they know 'twas heaven's eternal meed;
And aye their words which soothed the wounds of fate
Seemed sweeter still than all earth's gifts so great.

On them, in full, the first parental love
With glowing hope, profuse and e'er aflame
Was then bestowed, with prayers that God above
Would bless our lives with their own honored name,
Perchance when our dark locks had grown so gray
And we descending life's declining way.

We look with strange delight where once their feet
Made tracks in sand, no longer to be seen
Both here and there, and up and down the street,
In winter's cold, and summer's sward of green
And count the years so full of hope and joy
Since each was then but still a little boy.

Nor yet indeed will be forgot, for aye,
The friends bespeaking things so true and good
For them, and us, in some glad, happy day
When they'd be men, as then in kilts they stood,
And make the background, real, of the dream
Parental hope sees oft, through darkness, gleam.

ENVY.

If you were I, indeed, and felt the pain
That envy e'er inflicts on heart and brain,
And knew no way to curb its baneful power,
And felt its throbbings every day and hour;
Nor from its thrall there e'er seemed hope to go;
Nor from all these, release e'er hoped to know,
You might in sheer abandon—lurid plight—
Scorn and abhor all else but self, in sight.

If you were I, and felt your soul were sold,—
Your manhood bartered, as it were, for gold
Or less by odds, a thousand-fold—a groat
Was more than that for which your soul was bought
And, cancelled ev'ry fair primeval chart
Which held a rightful claim upon your heart,—
Were fed on "Dead Sea fruits" to thus deny
You right to live, nor vouch you leave to die;

You might then feel Erebic darkness dread,
A sense of darkness known but to the dead,
And hate the light of life, the wing that flies,
On which to mount, immortal others rise,
And pine as upward e'er you see them go,
Nor cared these flowers of chance for you did grow;
And fain would have *them* e'er remain so low,
Because you would not then, nor now can go.

If you were I, felt something had displaced
The glow of those lost lines that once were traced,

Though now are only seen in shadowy light,
Which once enthrilled the soul with fond delight,
Ere squandered hours and wasted days and years,
With ghoulish grimace, sung it in your ears,
The dirge of hope long dead and past and fled,—
To ev'ry happy song your soul were dead!

You then might feel as some low, fettered slave
To that low doom to which yourself you gave;
Nor care to give more than a passing thought,
To that by which true greatness e'er is wrought;
And when the throng to higher aims shall pass
'Twould only wake a passing sneer, alas,
And only make you hate the moving throng,
And ev'ry note of their glad, happy song.

BLASTED HOPES.

There's many a light that shines in the night
And promises to guide till tomorrow,
Like "Will o' the wisp" soon drops out of sight,
And leaves us to pine in grief and sorrow.

There is many a hope whose light has fled,
And many a slip from the firmest grip,
And there's many a dream still-born and dead,
And many a tip of the cup from the lip.

There's many a "silver cup" and "spoon" as well
At the nethermost end of the rainbow,
And many a shower which never fell
Predicted by the song of the Rain Crow.

COMPENSATION.

I never think of Cain, his awful crime,
The gloom it must have cast upon his time,
And the murder-record the Lord did trace
On his unwilling crime-confessing face,
But I think of Abel, too, and his blood,
And how with brave and manly faith he stood
And reasoned with the angry brother-boy
With whom in childhood sports he'd played at toy,
Then turned the other cheek all crimsoned red,
Naught spoke so well till Jesus' blood was shed.
I never think of Judas' sordid pelf,

Which made him sell the Savior and himself,
But what I think, too, of that rarest few
Through time's long ages down, the world all through
Who will not barter Christ or self for Gold
Though in the shambles aught and else is sold.
I ne'er recall the Prophet's cry for bread
But then how by the Ravens he was fed,
Nor of the lonely "widow gath'ring chips"
To cook her meal the last to pass her lips,
But how Elijah stood without the gate
To bless the widow and avert her fate!
I ne'er recall Goliath in his wrath
Mighty champion of the sons of Gath,
How Israel's sons were made to cower and quail
When they saw his giant form and coat of mail;
When with derisive, taunting speech so high
He all the camp of Israel did defy.
But then I think of David, too, whose faith
Was greater still than all the giant's wrath.

The path which leads to where there's bread
Winds always through the swamps of toil,
To reach the board with Manna spread
You pass where serpents hiss and coil.

THE POET'S LAMENT AND WISH.

Before 'twas printed it had pied,
Or ere he saw it he had died;
Or, ere 'twas traced by linograph
Some one had wrote his epitaph.
Or, that he did not write a hand
Less legible than tracks in sand.
Or that which looks like curious tracks
Made by crickets from the cracks
By night, all o'er the flour board
While all the household slept and snored.
Or that the Editor-in-Chief
Was more than mortal—past belief—
Could print his thoughts when scarce a line
To show the drift of his design;—
With scarce a comma or a stop
From bottom all way back to top,
His precious manuscript did hold.
Or, thoughts so new and things quite old,
Or words too many or too few,
He could recast and make them new—
Made rhyme and reason both to blend,
Scarce tithe of either though he send.

TO MISS IRENE.

What shall be said of you, Irene,
So lovely that, in truth, I ween,
In some heart now, you reign the queen,
Of all the Idols e'er have been,—
Have wooed the homage of some heart
Which from its shrine will ne'er depart.

But then we had almost forgot
That this is but the common lot
Since time unknown, when love was not,
Though oft to hide it, people plot,
We look with thoughts almost divine
On native beauty such as thine.

But then will some one tell who knows
From whence this one fair flower blows
As pretty as a full blown rose
That sheds sweet fragrance as it goes
To help the sunshine of the day
To wake a song of sweeter lay?

What running brook, with laughing rill?
What glen with falls far down the hill?
What sweet voiced birds with notes so shrill
That all enraptured senses fill
Have helped to mould your face and form
And kept your true young heart so warm?

Your eye, which never looks deceit,
Your face, with honesty replete,

Your willing feet to run and meet,
And all that's true to ever greet
Have formed a model to disown
Would show a heart as hard as stone.

And then when you shall turn and go,
No more by sight these friends to know,
And mountains rise and rivers flow
Between, you still will dearer grow!
That day they'll part from you with tears,
But tears of love and not of fears.

ON RECEIVING A TELEGRAM TO "COME, MOTHER IS VERY ILL."

Her long and weary race is almost run,
Her faithful work and journey nearly done
The meed of faith and love, and victor's palm
Await her soul in Heaven's eternal calm.
The river, dark, with billows cold and dread,
So soon may break on her devoted head,
And death's cold hand may seize her form of clay
And from our longing sight bear her away.

Full fourscore years her tireless feet have pressed
The path of duty toward the land of rest,
Now, anxious angels wait to see that face
Which never turned from duty to retrace
Her steps, though dread temptation's fiercest gales

Raged high in sorrow's dark and dismal vales
And gloomy shadows o'er her way should lie,
And wormwood cup her faultless lips should try.

Her course was fixed. Her star shone out before.
To serve the Lord and gain fair Canaan's shore!
Had she once failed and with her Lord had broke
O who could then have measured that fell stroke,
So like some darkling shadow, hanging low,
Whose evil portent none could guess or know!
But conning ev'ry page of all the past,
O'er all her life I see no shadow cast.

'Tis not o'erweening praise which now I give,
'Tis how she talked and acted—tried to live.
Oh! if I go and find my mother dead,
Her spirit from its prison house has fled,
Her voice no more to break upon my ear,
Those whispered words how can I bear to hear
"Our Mother dear is gone—is gone to sleep,
To rest with those who 'never wake to weep.'"

THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

I should ne'er be forgetful of mother,
For of me she will never be,
And she labors as does no other
That life should be pleasant for me.
She's often so worn and weary
With life and its unceasing care,
How wrong for me to be chary,
Her labors and burdens to share!

She never has ceased to be alway
So thoughtful, and tender and kind;
If I romped in the house and hallway,
To my faults she never was blind;
And when I forgot true decorum,
She showed me the moorings of right;
And whether in private or forum,
Her counsels shall help in the fight.

Her eye that e'er in brightness shone,
Like beauteous stars in far off sky
Seemed bright, as in the years agone;—
She thinks it strange I ask her why,
She sees not as she used to, quite,
And why her step is not like those,—
As quick and lithe and gay and light
In whom, yet still, young life-blood flows!

Gray hairs her temples are streaking;
On her cheeks some furrows have come,

And slowly, by stealth, they are seeking
To stay and make abiding home,—
To change the raven locks of youth,
To fold the lines that mark its flight,—
To dim her eye, of love and truth,
To halt the step that once was light.

Alas to think, while I don't feel
The hand that traces marks of age,
It holds her in its grasp of steel,
And one by one, each folding page
Of life, that marks the flight of years,
Is stamped upon that dear, sweet face,
And I am trembling oft with fears
Lest I have helped those marks to trace.

Oh! that some power the boon would give,
For me to feel for mother's weal,
That I may yet the past retrieve,
And watch, and work, with loving zeal,
And follow on, lead by her hand
Tho' this should sever other ties
E'en were they like some golden strand,
My mother's smile, my greatest prize.

A GRADUATING CLASS SONG.

AFTER.

After the night the glad'ning morn,
As blooms the rose above the thorn;
After midnight, the break of dawn,
After the darkness light comes on;
Then, hope springs bright, for joyous day
When all the mists have passed away.

After the tear-drops falling fast,
After the rain that cannot last;
After the storms have all swept past,
No clouds will then the day o'ercast,
Then hope shall bid all fear depart,
And joy will thrill within the heart.

After the journey all alone;
After the wind's low sighing moan;
After our grief's long monotone
There'll come a peace before unknown,
And we as with sweet lullaby
Are rocked to rest while shadows fly.

After the roses fade away,
After the song birds on the spray,
After the lark has sung his lay,
Our hope still sees a brighter day,—
A day than which no dreams so fair
Of all our castles in the air.

After our school days, long and sweet,
When loving eyes so oft did meet,
Where all the blended tracks of feet
Have run to one another greet,
Fond memory will call back again
And sing their song of sweetest strain.

After the songs we've sung together
And severed all the cords that tether,
Who can try to tell us whether
Like birds which sing for fairer weather
The love that now each true heart bears
Will e'er grow cold in coming years?

Or will it wander back again
Where joy and hope through sun and rain
E'er called each morn in wooing strain
And held their spell till evening's wane,
Our star of hope still leading on
The quest of what was here begun?

Oh! when and where, what happy place
Our turning steps in life's true race,
Whether in slow or hurried pace,
Shall we again meet face to face,
Each bound as now in honor's love
As to the final goal we move?

After we've said each one goodbye,
After these flowers fade and die,

After the soul's deep unheard cry
For broken vases round that lie,
We may not value until then
The boon that ne'er may come again.

After our teacher's work is done,
After we've answered one by one;
After our last day's setting sun,
Will we then feel our work begun
And each in heart then to them turn
And thank them for their help to learn?

After our parting here to-day,
After the tears have dried away,
After we've heard that saddest say
That we can't all together stay,
Will we all promise now in youth
That we will always seek the truth?

THE PLEDGE TO QUIT TOBACCO.

They said that I was "righteous over much"
To take a vow and pledge from him as such,
That it was such a *little* fault, a slight
Divergence from the line of what was right.
But then 'tis said it is the *little* leak
Which finally at last will drain the creek.
Singly each *little* grain of sand escapes.
The "*little* foxes," they destroyed the grapes.
The habit which I feared, if it should run,
Would darken and obscure his manhood's sun,
And then I asked him to be true and fair—
His honor and his word to me declare:
He said, "Believe me," and his pledge was made,
A parent's doubts and fears were then allayed.

A SECRET.

There is a . . . . I'd like to tell . . . . name
With soul as high as heav'n, the sea as deep,
With love for . . . . my heart is all aflame,
But still this secret I must ever keep.
Nor give . . . home, tell why I love . . . so,
Why o'er my life and soul this spell . . . holds—
Why only . . . and I the secret know
Why silence lays its long unlifting folds.

A TOAST.

To Miss M. B.

As long as you would like to live,
May life still lengthen out its thread;
And what you like may fortune give
Till hoary hairs shall crown your head.
As long as life's preferred to death,
Be always yours what you like best;
And when you yield your last warm breath
May still be yours, Heav'n's sweetest rest.

(1) THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Jotted down as I was passing that way after an absence of 20 years. This and "A Fragment" are the only pieces in the book which date back of four years ago.

(2) MEMORIES OF OUR HUNTING DAYS.

The following lines were suggested by reading a letter from my venerable friend Rev. Jacob Ditzler, D. D., whose friendship for me has been cherished and prized for more than forty years. A train of thought running back over our days of hunting, camping, visiting and preaching in the years long past, almost overwhelming, was awakened by his letter. "His bow still abides in strength."

(3) MY MOTHER.

On returning from the burial of my mother.

(4) WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE BOYS.

On visiting their childhood's home from which they had been absent eighteen years.

(5) A LETTER.

These verses were written by Milton C. Crutchfield when he was in his fourteenth year, attending the Red Bluff (Cal.) Union High School.

(6) THE PROTEST.

These—"The Protest," "Unto The End," and "By the River of Bobylon" were written to me by my nephew. They are so touching and beautiful that I cheerfully give them a place in the book.

(7) SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

This poem was written in 1904 in Coos county, Oregon, while I was sojourning within its beautiful borders, at the home of my brother-in-law, Mr. E. J. Coffelt. The lines were suggested by a remark made by Hon. S. J. Day, a few weeks before, when on a hurried visit to his place in Jacksonville, Oregon. It is in memory of him now venerable in years that I appoint the poem a place in the collection.

(8) LOOKING BACK.

Written while sitting on a curbstone, one beautiful October day in 1905, in Kansas City, Mo.

(9) THE BROTHER THAT DIED.

Dedicated to E. H. and J. W. Campbell.

(10) THOUGHTS AS THEY COME AND GO.

Were inspired by some manifestation of silly skepticism, on the discovery of some "hieroglyphic bricks" in Eastern excavations, which it was claimed contradicted Bible chronology.

(11) CONFEDERATE DEAD IN CHICAGO.

These verses were called forth by many narrations of suffering, starvation, and death given by comrades who finally survived, were exchanged and were in that ragged group who were at last compelled

To stack their arms in halls of sad defeat,
And, all unarmed, their former foes to meet.

(12) A MEDLEY ON FOREKNOWLEDGE.

This poem was written in Red Bluff, Calif., in answer to the assumptions of a minister of the M. E. church that Christ was not God's eternal Son, and God did not foreknow "future free choices," as he expressed it.

(13) WHEN YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE GIRL.

Written at Multenomah Falls, Oregon, in 1904.

(14) UNDER THE CLOUD.

These verses were written in the city of Bowie, Texas, in 1904. It was during the great Chicago street car strike. Failing for some reason to get any letters from my boys, who were every day traversing the streets going to and from their work, I was so overwhelmed with enervating anxiety, that I was almost prostrated. By the light of a dim lantern I waited and watched for I knew not what, and at last took my pencil and wrote these lines.

(15) TO MY PLAYMATES.

This little poem is made up of some unarranged, but touching fragments of poetic pathos, which were handed me by a playmate of my children. It explains itself.

(16) THE RICH MAN DIED AND WAS BURIED.

Called forth by remarks made by Methodist and Presbyterian ministers which were a contradiction of all evangelical preaching of the day.

(17) "THE BURIAL OF LITTLE MERRITT BLACK."

At Lowrey, Calif. He often clambered on my knee.

(18) ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE.

(19) A SONG OF HEAVEN.

This poem is the joint production of the Author and Rev. J. Winfred Hunt.

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